

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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President Gallaudet's Address at Norfolk

EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D., president of Gallaudet College, Washington, was introduced to the convention as the greatest living benefactor of the deaf. As he ascended the platform, all present arose to their feet and gave him a prolonged and hearty ovation, which caused him to modestly remark that he was being accorded more praise than he deserved. His address, which was frequently interrupted by applause, was extempore, and has been expanded from notes taken by the secretary, J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., as follows:

Mr. President, Secretary, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—As a humble friend of yours, I can look back upon a long life connection with the deaf. It began in the cradle. I could use the sign-language before I could speak with my lips. That was the language with which I conversed with my deaf mother. So long and intimate has been my association with the deaf, that I consider myself almost one of them. A few years ago, while traveling abroad, I had occasion to address a gathering of deaf at Leipsic, Germany. I noticed two elderly ladies seated near the platform, reasoning between themselves as to whether or not I was a deaf-mute. After watching me for a while they came to the conclusion that I was also deaf.

I am glad to be present with you today in old Virginia. My family connections with this state extend far back into its early history, and I extend to you greetings in the name of the family of Gallaudet. I believe that the spirits of the departed sometime return to earth. From the spirit land my father, my mother, my brother and my brother's wife send you their greetings.

A member of the Gallaudet family visited George Washington Parke Curtis ninety-five years ago, and was presented with a saucer once used by George Washington. This saucer is still in my possession. It has the names of the States on its border. My father was identified with the education of the deaf in Virginia. The late Rev. Job Turner, of this State, was educated at my father's school at Hartford.

Soon after leaving college, and while a teacher at Hartford, I came to this sacred soil to attend a convention of instructors of the deaf at Staunton, and aside from taking an active part in the convention, I also served as its secretary. I still remember the beautiful woman of the State to whom a preceding speaker referred. They always commanded my admiration, and to me have always been an inspiration.

I have other reasons for loving Virginia. For fifty years I have resided just beyond the border from where I could daily see its hills and fields. On many a holiday I have crossed over to row, to fish and to ride. No non-resident of the State loves Virginia more than I do.

I have been much interested in the pro-



EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D.,
President of Gallaudet College.

To Dr. E. M. Gallaudet.

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Throughout your youth you mingled with the crowd
Of silent children void of visions bright,
And watched the master-teacher—he who vowed
To lead them forth to light.

And in your tender childlike heart we know
Was planted deep the seed of that great love—
A father's heritage—to bud and blow:—
A boon sent from above.

And then came manhood's prime, you might have
chose
Of life a high estate, we have been told;
A noble work, mapped out, before you rose:
You chose the soul to mound.

And would not rest content that was withdrawn
The veil that made a midnight of the mind;
You would not have us tarry in the dawn
But higher truths to find.

And, oft from higher planes of knowledge gained,
We pause to measure what your love has made
Of life and life's; a song by God ordained
A grand, sweet serenade.

And now that autumn neareth, and the wane
Of summer passions whisper how you've grown
To graceful age, we pledge our hearts retain
The wisdom you have sown.

That there enshrined nor Age nor Time may touch
Your image, younger grown with all these years;
For haloed round it is with love and much
That lingers and endears.

—J. W. Sowell, in *Buff and Blue*

ceedings of this convention. This Association has my hearty good will, and I am always glad to be of any assistance to the deaf. My help need not be asked. It may be insisted upon and it will be gladly given.

I would like to add that I am in favor of deaf teachers of the deaf—and at salaries equal to any or even higher. I have worked with deaf teachers for many years, and know many of them personally: I know that they have greater sympathy for the deaf, that they perform their work with greater enthusiasm, and give their pupils greater encouragement. I do not mean to say that deaf teachers have more sympathy and interest in their deaf pupils than all others, but they have a greater sympathy and interest than most others. I observed that deaf teachers encourage the deaf pupils along all lines and gave them the inspiration of their own example. It must be remembered that the oral training of the deaf is neither the ideal nor the end of their education. Deaf teachers are appointed only for the work which they are fitted to do, and not as a favor. In every school for the deaf there should be a fair proportion of deaf teachers employed. Concerning methods, I may speak after an experience of fifty years as a teacher—the first ten by the manual method. In 1867, I spent several months visiting among the schools for the deaf in Europe and visited forty schools. I made a careful study of the methods of teaching used in these schools, and got the views of many of the instructors. A man is a fool who will never change his mind. This visit enlarged the range of my vision, and I found that oral teaching was of value to a large proportion of the deaf, and very successful with some. This visit suggested a change of method in American schools. From this visit I also learned another important fact—the fact that, for many of the deaf, speech was a failure. Upon my return home I reported my observations, and for the first time in the literature of our profession advocated the teaching of speech to the deaf and the preservation of the speech they already had. I said something more than method was necessary—that method was not the whole thing. For advocating these views I was called the degenerate son of a worthy sire. At another conference of instructors of the deaf, held at Washington, I advocated the teaching of speech to the deaf, and the Combined System of teaching the deaf was the result. That was over forty years ago, and I have always been open to conviction ever since that there may be a better way of teaching the deaf, but no better way has yet been found. The Combined Method continues to be the best method of teaching the deaf.

In 1897, thirty years after my conversion from the manual to the Combined Method of instruction, I again visited Europe to obtain from the graduates of various schools for the deaf their own views concerning the value of

the methods by means of which they had received their education. I did not share the view of a certain German instructor, who said that the deaf were not capable of forming an opinion concerning the value of methods. That remark of his was certainly a reflection upon his own work. What sort of an education has been giving his pupils, if at its completion they were incapable of forming an intelligent opinion.

A larger proportion of the deaf of Europe, of mature years, approve of the Combined Method. They say that oralism was good for the few—not for the many. Many who have been educated orally, find speech unreliable in their after school life. Their teachers understand them, but others do not. They are strongly opposed to pure oralism for all, or for most of the deaf.

In Liepsic, the home of Hienicke and his successor Voget, lectures are given simultaneously orally and in signs. In reply to my question why signs were used, I was told that many could not understand the lips. Speech must be used to show that the oral method was approved, and signs must be used in order that the deaf might understand. Surely that remark must have made Hienicke turn in his grave.

Recently, while on a visit at Dresden, Germany, the superintendent of a school for the deaf showed me a beautiful chapel. I asked in what manner the services were conducted, and was told that they were conducted both orally and in signs. "You see," he said, "we have a sort of a combined method."

Many German teachers are changing their views in regard to the oral method, and the

Combined Method is growing more and more in favor. A few years ago Mr. Andre, of the Paris Institution, told me that in France they entertained pretty much the same views concerning methods as we do in America, but the use of the oral method being required by law, they have no alternate but to follow it. With such facts before us, and with the consensus of opinion of the educated deaf themselves in America and Europe in favor of the Combined Method, there can be no doubt but that it is still by far the best method for the deaf.

This association and other organizations of the deaf, with the co-operation of the schools, can do much to influence public opinion, to the end that the high standard of teaching the deaf which is obtained in America shall be maintained.—Register.

CHRISTMAS AT BEAR CAVE: A STORY of the OZARKS

By HOWARD L. TERRY

BEAR CAVE and Elm Spring are both in Happy Hollow. The old mail route to Galena, that county site which knows no law, splits Stony Hill and Melon Mountain as it passes through the hollow, and plunging into the primeval forests, winds its way through the White River country. Folk who lived near Elm Spring would go to Bear Cave for their fire-wood on the Government lands, which was unlawful, and they knew it; in turn, Bear Cave folk would go to Elm Spring for water. It was this mutual interchange of common necessities that had long secured lasting good will between the two communities. There was a store at Bear Cave at the time of which I write where folk from the Hill Country came to do their trading. Coin and currency were so scarce among these people that they were rarely considered a medium of exchange. "Swopping" was the rule, and speculation was rife as to who was the genius in this mode of transaction. Prosperity was measured by the length of a man's fence line, the size of his hog pen, or the number of his brood mares. Joe Williams was rich because he owned a Jack and a Stallion, and held mortgages on all the colts this side of Flat River, payable in lard, eggs, pelts and pork, the last "salted down and hung up."

Bear Cave itself was a natural subterranean passage running back to unknown regions in Melon Mountain. The early inhabitants of this spot walled it up with rock and mortar, secured by burning the lime stone peculiar to the region, and used the cave as a cold storage. In its recesses were now kept barrels of sorghum, made at the nearby cane mills and rendering vats, cases of eggs, kegs of cider, vinegar and oil; apples, roots, etc., being the stock-in-trade of that fast prospering firm of Charless and Jeffery. These men were educated, which could not be truthfully said of any body else in the Hollow. They came from Kentucky, where they had sold out, and when their tented wagon rolled into Happy Hollow they brought with them the amazing sum of \$1,800, Eastern enterprise, their wives and a daughter, Charlotte Jeffery. With typical Yankee shrewdness they selected Bear Cave as the likeliest spot, secured a title to it for a song and staked off a quarter section.

To the simple minded people of Happy Hollow prosperity and a new era were at hand. The country had a boom all of its own. But it was not many years before Elm

Spring folk became conscious of the fact that they were becoming poorer, while their neighbors were slowly but surely rising in prosperity. When Hank Sanders, or "Reddy," as he



ENGRAVED BY WESLEY BREESE. "WOODS."

was called, which appellation claimed its origin from the fact that his whole head was a living sunburst, steered his traction engine up to Bear Cave and set up his saw mill, it was Bear Cave folk who sold him the logs from their lands and got good coin for them. Reddy was business through and through, he had not driven his engine and outfit over rough roads 200 miles for nothing, and so he refused everything but coin in payment for his slabs and 2x4's. Elm Spring men had no coin, and could not buy the slabs. When winter came again Bear Cave folk moved into respectable houses, some of them painted,—paint made of Venetian red and "biled 'il," real stylish, and the women got stuck up, the men, self-asserting. Now, they went so far as to daub Elm Springers as "the Back woods" because they lived in mud chinked cabins and ate corn pone.

Charless and Jeffery was now a household name. They prospered beyond expectation. With no competition, they offered what they pleased in cash for eggs, fowls, butter, lard and hides, and sent this stuff overland in wagons to Springfield, selling it at fifty per cent profit. They built a larger store, set up two room cabins or "slab houses," and rented them when they could. The roads of wealth in that section all led to the door of Charless and Jeffery, merchants. These men din-

ed; Elm Spring folk served them and ate the crumbs. This was galling, humiliating, downright exasperating. Something must be done, and done at once. In their innocence, their whole hearted and unsophisticated natures they had allowed the lion to swallow them.

As time passed, the old good will ceased to be. Gossip wagged her tongue; the two communities became individualized.

Then something really serious happened. It was a few days before Christmas. For several days a steady south wind had prevailed, and clouds had daily banked the southern horizon. Old timers knew the signs too well. It meant winter. Elm Spring folk had a meeting.

When the next morning dawned, the clatter of horses' feet, the rattle of wheels, and pounding of scores of barrels as they jolted about in the wagons reverberated through the crisp air of Happy Hollow. Long lines of wagons were coming from Bear Cave to haul back water to tide the people over a bad spell of weather. To the utter consternation and discomfiture of drivers, a cordon of armed men and boys surrounded Elm Spring. Amazed and thunder struck by such a bold and unexpected sight, the men drew in their teams and halted at a respectful distance.

Joe Williams, on his black stallion, rode up, his gun across the pommel of his saddle.

"Friends of my youth and brothers in the past," began Joe, "things has been moving against us of Elm Spring ever sence them edge'cated snakes from Kintuckee crawled in among us. We was a peaceable and contented lot of folk; now things is changed. Edge'cation has come in and knocked us folk out of plumb. The time has come for us to act and get our rights, else there ain't no use for us to live here. By a nat'ral circumstance this spring of water is ourn; we folk ain't got no business nor stores by which your money comes our way, so we calculated we'd even things up by charging ye for the water."

As he closed this much of his speech, a roar of guns startled the valley and sent the rabbits and squirrels in a mad race for safety. It was the appointed signal for the issuing in of the hour of a new force, the announcement of the birth of better times. The doom of tyranny. Joe went on: "By the roar of them guns ye shall know what sort of men we be, and we order ye to pay up or turn your teams about and go, we'll escort you

back, see? Then we'll lay our grievances before Charless and Jeffery, and if they don't accept our terms we'll confiscate their whole damn outfit and drive 'em out!"

"By thunder!" yelled Reddy, snapping his whip, and turning his team about, "this means trouble, or I'm no man. Charless may yield, but I'll be blowed if I think Jeffery will. Jeffery's got 'ell fire in his blood and he'll fight."

"He's got a grudge agin Joe, anyhow," joined Buck Ellers, who sat with Reddy, "ever sence his gal and Joe's boy has been again together. Git ap! gy on, there!"

Nobody wanted a fight that morning, and it was only too true that every man from Bear Cave was more or less in sympathy with Joe and his men. But water was a prime necessity. No wells had been dug at Bear Cave; it was only half a mile around Melon Mountain to the spring and the men preferred to haul their water. The stock took care of themselves, on range. Here, then, was a crisis, and the only expedient was an immediate settlement of differences.

What the "grievances" were, the men from Bear Cave could only conjecture beyond what Joe had explained.

The return of the men with empty barrels was the cause of a most unusual gathering. The people, old and young, poured out of their houses like bees from a disturbed hive. But when the armed riders drew up in the rear, things took a serious turn. The men looked stern; the women turned pale. Trouble, lots of it, seemed imminent.

Then Charless and Jeffery came upon the scene, and when they demanded an explanation, it was Reddy who spoke up.

"See Joe Williams, Jeff, 'e's the boss to-day. There wasn't no way for us to do but turn back, Joe and his men being armed. Things is gettin' tight at Elm Spring, an' they mean to hold us up."

"What in thunder is all this, boys?," demanded Charless, "put your guns down and lets arbitrate. We've got guns of our own, but blamed if I want to use them."

"We'll put 'em down when you sign this paper, Mr. Charless, meantime get your folk quiet an' hear what I got to say."

To Bear Cave folk a revolution was at hand. General Joe Williams and his armed recruits with an ultimatum was besieging them. Every gun around Elm Spring had been improvised—flint lock, percussion cap, and modern breech loader.

Then Joe dismounted, and throwing his bridle over the animal's head, which is cow boy way of ordering his mount to stay still, he worked his way to the door of Charless and Jeffery's.

A hush fell, as Joe began:

"Charless and Jeffery, and Bear Cave folk, I come to talk to you all to-day in behalf of us folk at Elm Spring. Before Charless and Jeffery came among us things was alright and there was "peace on earth, good will toward man," as Brother Moore says, now these here men with their money and their edge'cation are gitting everything their way. We ain't edge'cated like them, never saw no use for it, now we do, it's a power, and a feller whose got it kin scheme and beat us out, so I say, things has got to change now and here. Charless and Jeffery has been a using their power in a selfish sort of a way until everything wuth having is theirn, and most every dollar coming this way gets into their pockets. You folk at Bear Cave has got a shade the better of us because these men employ you, we don't get nuthin' but what the Lord give us, that there Spring. It's been common property between Bear Cave folk an' us at Elm Spring for forty years, but it ain't so no longer, its ourn, we've

bought the land its on and got a title, and we mean to charge Bear Cave folk so much a year to git water there, else you kin dig wells. We've talked it over calmly, and we agreed to make it \$500 a year, its wuth it. Now you folks kin pay us that, then you're welcome to the same rights as before. Now you, Charless and Jeffery, kin sign this paper, agreeing for all Bear Cave folk to pay it in cash, or keep clear of Elm Spring."

"Cut and slash, thunder and lightning!" roared Charless, bringing his fist down on an empty dry goods box, "Look her, Joe Williams, when you see us sign that, you'll see water flow up hill. That's preposterous, downright insulting! But I'll talk calmly to you: we know you folk have got some cause for feelings against us, kind o' natural, but we've been decently fair with you,—your woes are largely your own fault. You sold to us at our price—you didn't have to, and we knew where to sell again at a good profit; why didn't you fix up that sort of thing before we came? You say we're selfish. Shade of Cæsar! do you hear me? Ain't all we've done here a heap to you folk? Where would you be if we hadn't come among you? You'd be lost to civilization as you were, but as it is, you're getting known, and by or through whom? We'll leave that to you. Now, Jeffery and I are willing and glad to do our best by Elm Spring folk and make things a little more even. You folks can go back, and you needn't guard your water, we'll agree to keep away 'til we get things fixed right between us. Two days more and it's Christmas, that was always a big day for us in Kintuckee, and the old times comes a swelling up in my heart out here in these wilds, an' we want to keep up the custom, so I say, let this fuss be quits a few days, as my pard, Jeffery tells me to invite all the folks in Happy Hollow to the wedding of his daughter Charlotte, to—to whom do you think, Joe Williams, why, to your own son, little Joe! Yes, the son of this fellow who means to bust us. I'll put sugar on that pill, Joe, so you can swallow it. The weddin' 's set for tomorrow evening, Christmas eve, when it's over, General Joe Williams, maybe you and me and Jeff can settle our differences without them guns."

Nonplussed and completely vanquished, big Joe Williams with head hung, stood speechless. He had come with the purpose of unwarrantedly forcing a demand, and backed it up with powder, upon a party whom he now clearly saw were his benefactors. Curse his stupidity! But when Charless announced the news about his son, which he had not been apprised of, such being the custom, he swayed as if he were dreaming. All his shameful animosity was swept away by a great wave of thankfulness that enveloped him.

Mamie Young, who stood near Joe, slipped a handkerchief into his hand. She saw a tear.

Then big Joe strode up to Jeffery, grasped his willing hand and broke forth like a child.

"Jeff, old boy, I've been a fool, blamme! Things was gettin' tight our way an' we got rash. Now you send the men back, the water is yurn as well as ourn, as ever. And that boy of mine—he's made a glad father."

With a roar of guns, the crowd broke up. The horsemen, in a mad gallop, yelling and firing their guns, tore down the road to Elm Spring. The drivers, with cheer and song, turned again to their interrupted task.

Now Charlotte had long been the belle of Bear Cave. Joe Williams, Jr., was the coming man of the Hill Country. Many a rough and jolly song was sung in praise of Charlotte by these rough men, and, as their teams

swung around and broke into a trot, loud and clear their favorite air filled the valley:

"Oh! she had a bonnie black eye,
And it sparkled with every smile,—
Such eye, such heart, such maiden worth
Did never a man beguile!"

And they repeated that song over and over, until Joe Williams, his stallion in a sweat, galloped back and halted them.

"Lord have mercy!" cried Joe, excitedly, "what next! Elm Spring's dry!! Go on back, boys, it's bloomin' true. We'll tell Jeff, —e's edge'cated, he kin fix it ef eny one kin!"

Things were getting exciting. The weather was changing fast. The wind had veered, and was sweeping the hollow from the north. A blizzard coming and no water!

With oaths, good natured and otherwise, the teams again turned; all Elm Spring folk were now coming to Bear Cave. Excitement wore stilts. Here was an emergency, sure enough. A Moses was needed. Could Jeffery or Charless fill the bill? Maybe. Joe said they'd have to!

Amid a pandemonium of noise and excitement the firm of Charless and Jeffery was informed of the new turn of affairs, and urgent and extravagant demands were made on them.

Charless and Jeffery were cool; they told the men it was a bad situation, if true, and they attributed the phenomenon to a possible freezing of the water, a stretch of imagination, they did not believe would work, but it did. They also told them they believed the water would soon reappear, but bad as it was, they didn't intend that anything less than a funeral should mar the expected marriage festival.

Bear Cave folk and Elm Springers lay awake long that night—wondering.

Christmas eve was at hand, that hallowed hour of joyful expectancy and good cheer. The sun had sunk behind Melon Mountain in a solemn glory, radiating its beams through a clear winter atmosphere, for the blizzard did not come, only a cold wave. And then the hollow grew dark—for a moment, then over the tops of the cedars that fringed Stony Hill the full moon steadily rose, and, mounting higher, threw a flood of mellow light over Happy Hollow. And had you been so fortunate as to have passed over the Galena road that night your eyes would have met a sight rarely seen in the East. On a huge spit hung over a glowing greenwood fire hung the first doe of the season, the delicious odor therefrom permeating the valley far around. Forming a great square around the fire, the crude tables of slabs mounted on saw horses were arranged, and these tables were loaded with the glory of a full harvest. A king's feast for these kings of the forest. Wild turkey and grouse, rabbit and squirrel, bass and catfish, apple, pear and grape, paw-paws and persimmons; cider, nuts and apples; maple sugar, pie, pudding and cake; huge boiled hams, brown bread, cheese and pickles. Great festoons of cedar, sumach and corn tassels beautifully worked, and crysanthemums and carnations. And on one section of the table the great wedding cake with a pine knot blazing in the center.

In every color and mode of adornment the gay girls and women had congregated. The men in their best hunting traps and oiled boots. Fun was rampant, genuine fun, of the sort that fashion has not robbed of its wholesomeness—fun that springs from clear minds and happy hearts. And then a fiddle struck a march, and over the stony sward the country preacher led the happy couple to their bliss. And when the knot was tied

and the bride was kissed until her cheeks were red, there arose such a din, such a hey-day of delight as you never set eye and ear to. 'Round and 'round the bride and groom were carried, and "Bonnie Black Eye" was sung until it became a confused din.

When the fun had ceased, the feast began, and the more they ate, the merrier they grew, for a full stomach makes a glad heart. Then the girls sang songs, and the men smoked their pipes. At last Jeffery arose, and mounting a stump, brought the people to their feet with his astonishing disclosure:

"Good folk of Happy Hollow," he began, "I have good news, Moses has touched the rock and the waters have come. Bear Cave is nothing more than the original course of Elm Spring! Long, long ago its mouth was here, a natural phenomenon changed its course! Charless and I found that out when we moved here, but we meant business, and kept mum. Of the two locations, Elm Spring and Bear Cave, we saw this was the better, and chose it, so we drove our stakes. We've been carrying things our way all these years because we saw how, and you folk didn't, that's business enterprise. We knew Elm Spring was jealous of Bear Cave and would retaliate sooner or later by shutting off that spring from us. Well, we got to work, sent our man at the job by night until he had found the fork of the stream, and arranged things so he could quickly turn the water our way. Well, we just waited until you got sassy, which you did two days ago. Then we laughed up our sleeve. Before you got back to Elm Spring, Joe Williams, the other day, the trick was done, and the water now flows to the mouth of Bear Cave, where it again plunges into the crevices of the mountain and is lost. And now, ladies and gentlemen, "he went on humorously, "seeing how we have put the screws on that sassy little community of Elm Spring, and made it look real small, my partner and I would suggest that Elm Spring folk accept these cabins of ours as a Christmas gift and join our little town."

The speaker paused.

"Furthermore, pard and I, seeing how the town would need some enterprise to keep it going, contracted with a pickling firm at St. Louis for this water in barrels, it being found, for its purity, an excellent basis for their vinegars, extracts, etc. Every last man of you can get a job in this business, and we should prosper. Now that my girl has married the son of Elm Spring's best man, that ought to patch up old scores. And now I say, boys, God bless Bear Cave folk and make us prosperous, we've got cause to be happy."

And big Joe Williams thought so, too.

HOWARD L. TERRY.

Rest.

Lie still my soul at Jesus' feet,
For there all bitter things are sweet;
There thou canst know the heart of God,
Canst use His staff and kiss His rod.

Lie still my soul at Jesus' feet,
There thou canst every tempest meet;
Canst hear His whispered "Peace be still,"
And learn to live and do His will.

Lie still my soul upon His breast,
And prove the truth of utter rest;
There unbelief will find no place,
And fear die out before His face.

Lie still my soul upon His breast,
And He canst work if thou wilt rest;
Life all alone's too hard for thee,
Unless thy Lord thy helper be.

LANCASTER, PA.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

Chicago

THE Chicago Examiner prints the following:

To the Editor of the Examiner:

Sir—Can you tell me how long ago it was that instruction for deaf-mutes began? I am unable to find out from the books at my disposal. C. B.

[The first mention of the instruction of a deaf-mute is in the writings of Bede, about 685. A Spanish Benedictine monk, Pedro de Ponce, taught the deaf and dumb about 1580.]

While the civil service discussion is on, the following extract from an article in the Chicago Tribune, captioned "Wonders of the Five Senses; How They May Be Trained," by Ruby Silver, proves interesting reading, a trifle exaggerated though it seems to be:

For many years a totally deaf man has occupied a place in the United States civil service. He received his first appointment on the strength of admirable papers in the civil service examination. Despite his infirmity, he took the regular course at a large university, recited with his classmates, attended lectures, and took his degree. President and professors may not have known that he was a deaf man. Certainly some of his classmates did not know it. For business reasons his deafness has been kept secret, so secret that when a keen newspaper man went through the office in which he was employed in search of a deaf clerk, he failed to find such a man or any one who knew of the existence of such a man in the department.

Wonder who he is; if he is.

A writer in the Chicago Daily News says: "F. Hopkinson Smith is one of the very few who have upheld the prestige of that name since Captain John made it famous."

Hope they have our Jimmy on the list of that "few."

The Fair and Bazaar given by the Ladies' Aid Society, November 23, for the benefit of the Illinois Home Fund, added another snug nest-egg to that growing sum in Treasurer Cleary's hands. The affair was one of the season's events and was socially as well as financially most successful.

November 26 and 27, enroute home from a business trip to Springfield, I spent several pleasant hours in the city and at the Illinois School at Jacksonville, it being the second state school I had ever seen, (Fanwood holding first impressions with me through a visit there some 12 years ago) and that I enjoyed the visit is putting it mildly. Under the guidance of W. I. Tilton, whose appreciative guest I was for the time being, a round of the grounds, shops, class-rooms, "gym"—in fact all the buildings—was a perpetual opening of something new and instructive to me, especially so, being, as I am, a product of the "day school system." Of course, to the majority of the readers of the WORKER this is an old story, but I cannot help commenting on the "beauty" of it all. The beautiful location, and grounds, the beauty in the way things are arranged and systematized—everything running, as it does, like the works of an immense machine—like clock-work if you will—and that machine turning out as its product "the deaf men and women of the future." A somewhat lengthy chat with Superintendent Gillette, the operator, or master hand, of this machine, convinced me that the state of Illinois has the right man in the right place. Lightly touching on the method ques-

tion, noticing as I did the preponderance of hearing teachers, I was met with statements and convictions expressed in unmistakable language as to that part of the material used in the product—it's a "combination" all right. A visit to the sanctuary and "class room" of the editor of the Illinois Advance, Mr. Clifford, put me in touch with a fellow craftsman, so to speak, and what I saw there, and of the instructor, goes a great ways towards my remaining of the belief that the art preservative, if you get it at the Illinois School these days, is the trade of trades. I wish I could speak of all the other instructors and the good work I know they are doing, but my visit, like my space here, was limited. However, in these foot-ball days I would be doing an injustice indeed to the school eleven if I did not mention it, its record of five straight victories, and the pleasant acquaintance I formed with its "coach," Mr. Holdrby. In this gentleman the boys have as enthusiastic an instructor as it has been my fortune to meet. He is one of them, in everything but lack of hearing, and one easily imagines the hold such a teacher has upon his pupils—and that his teachings would but spell success seems to me an impossibility indeed.

The deaf of this city are a prosperous, sociable set, and meeting them as I did in the evening at an entertainment at the opera house in thorough enjoyment of the program and their own company, as would be the case here at home, causes me to wonder why the deaf of the interior cities set such store by the "great white ways" of Chicago. Jacksonville is all right; Jacksonvillians, too.

Saturday evening, November 30, the 1907 ball of Chicago Division, N. F. S. D. took its place on the long list of the social successes of the division. It was held at Fraternity Hall, one of the best of the down town halls, and the attendance proved the local deaf have not lost their liking for the light fantastic.

Chicago's deaf-blind Clarence J. Selby was one of the division's guests at its ball and it is safe to say he had the most enjoyable time of any one present, waltzing with the best of the more fortunate ones. Mr. Selby was tendered a testimonial benefit at Kimball Hall, December 4, a varied program of volunteer talent being given. This man is one of the most optimistic of our local deaf and it is a wonder, the amount of enjoyment he gets out of life. His memory is another source of wonderment. Going up to him and merely saying a how-do-you-do, accompanied by the usual handshake, will bring from him the "Mr. ———," or whoever it may be, "I am glad to see you," no matter how long it is since you last chatted with him, provided he knows you.

Press dispatches of November 22 give us the following new use for the typewriter:

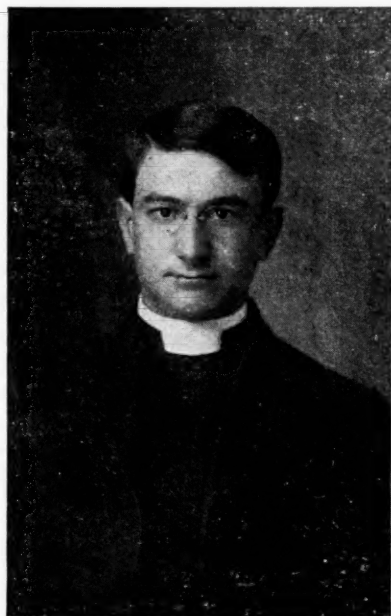
Fingering out their marriage vows on the keyboard of a typewriter, Carrie Lemke, of Cando, N. D., and Chris D. Anderson, of Willow City, N. D., both deaf and dumb, were wedded in the Minneapolis court-house by W. E. Bates, court commissioner.

Baptized.

Muriel Helen, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin H. Hunt, of Trenton, was baptized at Christ Church on Sunday, December 8th. Rev. Mr. Knight, the rector, administered the baptismal rites. Mrs. R. B. Lloyd acted as godmother, while the words of the minister were interpreted by George Lloyd, a teacher from the school.

St. Louis

THE REV. O. J. WHILDIN, of Baltimore, was a visitor in the city in the early part of December and while here officiated at St. Thomas' Mission to appreciative congregations. The Rev. George F. Flick, of Washington, has resigned as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Whildin in the Southern field and accepted a call extended by the



THE REV. GEORGE F. FLICK,
of Washington, who has accepted a call to Chicago.

Bishop of Chicago, to take charge of church work among the deaf in that city and diocese. Chicago is fortunate in being able to command the services of a man of the Rev. Mr. Flick's qualifications and experience and St. Louis is glad to have him as a neighbor.

The fund for the proposed home for the aged and infirm deaf of Illinois, has passed the four thousand dollar mark, and within two years since the formal launching of the project. That is a most commendable record and reflects great credit upon every one lending aid to the worthy enterprise—especially to Mr. E. P. Cleary, of the faculty of the state school for the deaf at Jacksonville, who is treasurer of the fund. The Illinois Alumni and State Associations meet at Jacksonville next summer, on the same dates but at different hours, and the home project is what holds them together and keeps them apart, like the mortar between two bricks.

Mr. Douglas Tilden joined the N. A. D. at the Norfolk convention, and received a compliment, not usually accorded to new members, of a nomination for the presidency. Although not elected, he was given a support sufficient to indicate that his worth was appreciated and that his advancement was but a question of a short time. What followed immediately after the adjournment of the convention is better expressed in a statement by Mr. Tilden himself as published in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*:

"On the adjournment of the convention, I resigned as a member. Till a plan can be perfected, whereby each State is fully represented in the national assemblage, and the obvious want of equity in the distribution of votes, with its attendant evils of

'programming,' 'railroading,' or 'logrolling' in one small quarter, where the delegates happen to be most numerous, can be eliminated, I am unable to recommend that the deaf of California take an active interest in what is only, in name, a National Association of the American Deaf."

We sincerely regret Mr. Tilden has left the association. While his reasons for leaving are doubtless sufficient and satisfactory to himself, they do not appeal very strongly to others versed in N. A. D. affairs who have long had its welfare at heart. Instead of leaving the association and waiting on the outside for it to conform to his views as to the fitness of things, we believe Mr. Tilden should have remained in the ranks using whatever the association stood most in need of as a motif and sought to shape its affairs according to his own standard of excellence.

A movement is on foot among the Alumni of Gallaudet College to obtain the appointment of an alumnus of the College on the Board of Directors. We think the move is reasonable and deserving of success. It is customary among the older colleges for the alumni to be represented on the boards of directors. Gallaudet College is now fifty years old, and it has among its alumni men of character and attainments and of experience in the world that fit them for such responsible position. It goes without saying that their personal interest in the College would lead them to advocate only such measures as were for the good of the institution. And they would be in a position to speak directly for the alumni, so that the large and growing body would have a direct influence in shaping the policy of the college whose welfare they all hold so dear.

—*Minnesota Companion*.

While we would gladly welcome "the appointment of an alumnus of the college on the Board of Directors," if such a thing is possible; we cannot endorse the "movement" that is "on foot" to bring it about. The original "movement" in question took the form of a petition drafted by the originator and contained the names of two of his friends whose appointment he desired. The petition was sent out for the signatures of Gallaudet Alumni and also for those of ex-students "to bolster it up." Later the names of the nominees were dropped, but those most directly interested in the "movement" have been trying to keep it moving. If the Alumni desire representation on the Board of Directors, and if it is necessary for them to ask for it, and if they feel called upon to indicate whom their representatives should be, let them pass upon the matter at a regular convention of the Alumni Association. The fact that the matter did not come up for consideration at the recent Alumni meeting at Washington, shows that it is not of such pressing and vital importance as to justify the "movement" by petition and can well be left to the next or some subsequent convention. However, there is no such organization as a Board of Directors of Gallaudet College on which the petition asks for Alumni representation. There is a Board of Directors of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and vacancies in it are filled by a vote of the Board. There are no vacancies at present and such seldom occur except by the death of a member of the Board.

While at Howeton Place, the country home of Mr. W. Howe Phelps, last summer, I witnessed the breaking of mules to harness and enjoyed a ride in the wagon behind the animals being initiated into the mysteries of the collar and single tree. The fun was fast and furious while it lasted,—its duration depending upon the temperament of the mule. Mr. J. M. Robertson, of the Alabama School, was present assisting Mr. Phelps in the breaking

process and the novelty and excitement of such a ride as well as its cheapness so impressed him that he resolved, should the time ever come, to take his wedding trips in that same way.

The Thanksgiving Eve box social and bazar for the benefit of St. Thomas' Mission was a decided social and financial success—thanks to the energetic and well directed efforts of the Mission Committee—especially to Misses Herdman, Roper, Molloy, Mrs. Harden and Messrs. Steidmann and Rodenberger. Miss Steidmann's box brought the highest price, but all of them brought good prices.

Gallaudet day was observed by a special programme at the December meeting of the Gallaudet Union, an evening with Tennyson will be the chief feature of the January meeting of the Union. "Adam Bede" was the subject of a recent reading delivered by the principal of Gallaudet School.

The wedding of Mr. Fredo Hyman, of Chicago, and Miss Sarah Weisser was solemnized by Rabbi Rosentoeter at the residence of the bride's parents in this city on Dec. 8th, Miss Pearl Herdman interpreting. The wedding was private. The couple will reside in Chicago.

The pertinent observations of Mr. R. E. Maynard in the Owl Column of the last issue of the SILENT WORKER on what he terms "The Dignified (?) Slump of the N. A. D." deserve the careful consideration of the thoughtful members of the N. A. D.

Mr. Maynard is not a member of the N. A. D., but his recent observations afford instructive reading for every one who is, or expects to be, at the next convention.

"Would that the giftie gie us

To see ourselves as others see us."

J. H. CLOUD.



MRS. ALICE TAYLOR TERRY AND DAUGHTER.

Not "Mrs. Phelps and daughter" as stated in the last issue of this paper. The correction is here given with apologies to both Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Terry.

Wonders Why He Cant Live Without It.

DEAR SIR:—I send enclosed fifty cents to renew my subscription to the SILENT WORKER for another year. I wonder why I can't live without your paper as I have read it for three years.

JOHN DEGRAFF,
Harvey, Ill.

Sermons by a Deaf Minister

Gallaudet Alumni Reunion.

[The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, at a combined service at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Washington, D. C., near Kendall Green. President Gallaudet and many others attending the reunion of graduates and former students of Gallaudet College, were present. Among the deaf clergy present and assisting in the service were the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of Philadelphia; the Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore; the Rev. G. F. Flick, of Washington, and the Rev. J. H. Keiser, of New York.]

The people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God.—St. Luke v. i.

It was the message—rather than the man—which first attracted the people to Christ.

He came to His own, and His own received Him not, yet the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God.

From His seat in an open boat, near the shore of the lake of Gennesaret, He could draw from the surrounding scenery, and from the common incidents of the daily lives of the people, the illustrations which have become so familiar in the teachings of His parables.

In a nearby field, gently sloping towards the bed of the lake, and in plain view of His hearers, might be seen the Sower, walking to and fro, scattering broadcast the seed, some falling by the wayside, some upon stony places, some amid thorns, and some into good ground.

Nearer still, may have been seen the mustard tree—the greatest of all herbs from the least of all seeds. There were also the lilies of the field—they toiled not,—neither did they spin; the fowls of the air flying overhead,—they did not sow—neither did they reap; the great multitude of fishes in the water below, and the nets drying by the seashore. Farther away might have been seen the vineyard laborers, busy with their daily task, while grazing on a distant hill, were the hundred sheep—one fold and one shepherd.

Thus was the word of God brought home to the people who pressed to hear it,—in a language they could understand,—illustrated with objects and incidents with which they were familiar.

Christ aimed at no brilliant oratorical effort. He spoke plainly the words of eternal life—words which He declared were imperishable.

By tone, by gesture and his treatment of His subject He impressed upon His hearers the supreme importance and absolute truth of His words,—and they listened to Him as one who believed intensely in His message.

The word of God is the same for all. It tells of a Father's love,—of His ready forgiveness of the truly penitent,—of the many mansions awaiting those who, according to their talents and opportunities in this present world, fight the good fight, finish their course and keep the faith. It calls to repentance,—at once and altogether,—warns us to flee God's displeasure and win His love. It reminds us of the coming of the final judgment,—uncertain only as to the time,—vividly portrayed in the parables of the wheat growing among tares, the casting out at the wedding feast, the futile appeal of Dives and the destruction of the slayers of the King's son. It is the ax seeking the root of the tree of evil that it might be hewn and utterly destroyed.

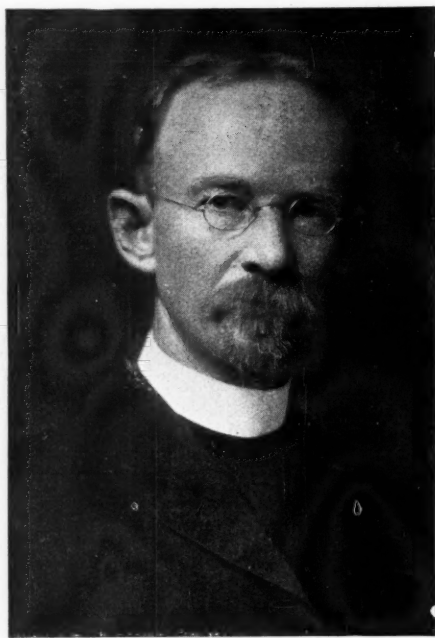
There are also the comfortable words for the weary and heavy laden who truly turn to Him for refreshment,—for the poor in spirit,—the sorrowful, the meek,—they who hunger and thirst after righteousness,—the merciful,—the pure in heart,—the peace makers, they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, and they who are falsely accused.

Neither was Christ sparing in His words of de-

nunciation of the prevailing sins of the days of His earthly ministry,—nor in His words of censure for the hardened and impenitent sinners who persisted in their evil deeds. He called them what they were—in their presence—and before the congregation—"thieves," "robbers,"—"vipers,"—"hypocrites"—"wolves in sheep's clothing"—"liars"—"adulterers," and "murderers."

He ignored and defied criticism and opposition and made no concession for passion.

Popularity—that delusive and elusive bauble—was not for Him—nor can it be said to be a very large or lasting asset of any who would follow in His steps. For a time it was "Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord" and then it was "crucify him."



REV. JAMES H. CLOUD,

Who delivered the sermons at Washington and at Jamestown.

The word of God has been left to the keeping of His Church. His ministers have been divinely commissioned to deliver it unto all the world and to every creature. Men who toil, sin and suffer have a spiritual craving which nothing else can satisfy. Neither philosophical essays, scientific lectures, ethical dequisitions, nor sensational sermons will do it.

The lifting up of Christ spiritually before the people will cause them to flock to listen to His words, as they did in the days of His flesh, when from Jerusalem and Judeas and Galilee and the regions round about they gathered to hear the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth. He is certainly, though not visibly, present with His Church and people now as He was then, and the lifting up of His cross, and its atonement today, and every day, will draw all men after Him.

It may not be a digression, on an occasion like the present, to call attention to the fact that the "Children of Silence"—those bereft of hearing, were the last of God's people to have the Gospel preached to them.

This was made possible only in comparatively recent times and had its origin in the philanthropic labors of the Abbe de l'Epee, in France, and of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in America. A statue, the gift of the deaf of the United States, erected in loving memory of their "friend, teacher and benefactor" adorns the grounds of the nearby college bearing his name and presided over by his no less distinguished son. When Christ, at Decapolis,

took the deaf young man aside from the multitude and put His fingers into his ears, and spit, and touched His tongue, and looked up to heaven and sighed He used the sign-language,—the language of the "voiceless ministry,"—a language now developed into a beautiful, expressive, complete, facile and satisfactory means of communication and instruction.

The branch of the Catholic Church, which planted English Christianity in America, was the first to undertake as a distinct work,—and under the inspired leadership of the late Reverend Doctor Thomas Gallaudet,—the spiritual care of the deaf.

This Church was also the first to admit to the sacred ministry a deaf-man—the Reverend Henry Winter Syle of blessed memory—remarkable alike for his scholarship and piety—whose good work in this city, in Baltimore, but more especially in Philadelphia, lives after him.

Elementary secular instruction for the deaf seems to have kept pace with advancing civilization in all countries, but it is to the glory of the United States that it has the only institution in the world for their higher education. There are many gathered now at the beautiful and noble institution at Kendall Green who, in years gone by, have shared in the inestimable benefits which it alone could bestow. This is the year of its golden jubilee. These fifty years of the Columbia Institution present a truly magnificent record for good work done. There is also abundant reason for special thanksgiving that, during all these years, under the providence of God, its greatly beloved and most worthy founder and president, has been spared and sustained to direct its affairs and to help along, in other countries as well as our own, the general advancement of the deaf.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

At Jamestown Island.

[The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, in the church on Jamestown Island, Va., on the occasion of the pilgrimage made to that historic spot by many who had been in attendance at the convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Norfolk during the preceding days. The Rev. G. F. Flick, of Washington, assisted at the service which was interpreted by Supt. J. E. Ray of the State School at Raleigh, N. C.]

And all men that see it shall say, This hath God done.—Psl. 64:9.

We have met on hallowed ground. This place is full of historic associations. This is the birthplace of a nation. Here is where English Christianity and English institutions in America had their beginning. There is no obscurity about the origin of our American Republic. No fable is needed to fill out its history. Its beginning is traced to a definite spot and to a definite date.

The discovery of America was celebrated by the Columbian Exposition in Chicago fifteen years ago. Columbus was a discoverer. He did not attempt to secure America for civilization. It remained for Captain John Smith to make the first successful attempt at colonization on America soil. It was on the thirteenth day of May, three hundred years ago, that the first colony of home-makers landed on this continent. Sporadic attempts of individuals to form settlements—notably that of Raleigh—had been made and had failed. To a band of Londoners was granted a charter by King James I to that section between the Potomac and Cape Fear thirteen years before the Pilgrim

Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. This landing was made at Old Point Comfort where the Chaplain—the Reverend Robert Hunt—a priest of the church of England—made a reading desk by putting a board between two forked trees and having a sail spread overhead as a shelter from the sun and rain. Here he held the first thanksgiving service and celebrated the Holy Communion—the first in the New World in the English language. This was on June 21, 1607. After that, the colony had daily morning and evening prayer, with two services and a sermon on Sundays, until the death of Chaplain Hunt. The daily prayers were continued for two or three years longer, until other clergymen came over from England. The colony soon sailed up the James river and settled on the spot where we now stand. It was not an island then but a part of the mainland.

English civilization, English institutions and English churchmanship first planted by this colony in America have borne fruit. The sail-sheltered spot soon gave way to a plain church building—somewhat like a "barne." This later was replaced by a second building in 1619. It was in this building that Rolfe and Pocahontas were married—and the first American legislative congress met—on July 30, 1619—a year before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. The third church building, the ruins which we now behold, dates from 1639.

This, in brief, is the story of the first permanent English colony on this spot three hundred years ago. From this colony sprung the state of Virginia—and democratic "government of the people, by the people and for the people" and the American Church.

The Acropolis at Athens, the Coliseum at Rome, and the Pyramids of Egypt are grand witnesses of departed glories of nations that rose and flourished and passed away. This humble and ruined tower is a silent witness of something still more grand. It is the witness of a principle, of a doctrine, vital to the advancement of civilization and to the glory of a nation—the Christian religion—the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

May God grant to us and to all people of this land the spirit of obedience to His laws that, walking humbly in the fear of Him we may, under His Almighty protection, continue to dwell in righteousness and peace in the heritage received from our fathers and transmit it unimpaired to generations to come.

The Need for Zones of Silence

To be healthy, every man should provide himself with a zone of silence. This is the dictum of the latest medical authorities. Civilization may well be defined as the increase in number, variety and violence of noisy sounds. The savage ages were comparatively noiseless. Modern man lives in the midst of a continual clank and grind. To offset this, and to keep one's freshness, there ought to be the zone of silence already mentioned around every human being during some part of the day. This strikes us as good doctrine, and from now on we shall expect to see zones of silence in active demand. There may even be an element of style grafted into the notion in some way, and we shall have those who prefer their zones of silence cut long, with a flaring effect, and others who desire closer fitting, tailored and mannish effects. There may be something in the idea for politics, also. Certain well-known leaders might be provided by the public with zones of silence. In fact, this might easily develop into one of the great benefactions of the age. As soon as a public character becomes a trial and a grief to the rest of us, we could rush him into an appropriate zone of silence, and there let him rest forever and aye, while the rest of us also rested.—*Judge*.

They never speak as they pass by,
They both keep mum;
No need to ask the reason why—
They're deaf and dumb.—

—Chicago Journal.

Pennsylvania.

THE *Buff and Blue* for November is distinctively an Alumni number, being given up entirely to a report of the Seventh Meeting of the Alumni Association in the college last summer. To the alumni it will without doubt prove a most pleasing souvenir of a very delightful reunion. The social side of the gathering is dwelt on at some length, and while going over these it occurred to me that if some one would take the trouble to go over the "heirlooms" which appear in the "*Buff and Blue*" every little now and then, and trace them to their original source, it would be found that in being handed down from one generation of students to another so much is added or detracted that the stories finally have quite a different aspect from the original ones, and that not a few have no foundation at all, but being the invention of some fertile brain.

Thus Rev. Mr. Michaels tells a story that another had told him. It is to the effect that Mr. Boland once telegraphed to the conductor of a branch road, "Hold train for large party." On arrival of Boland's train, the conductor of the branch road train came bustling around inquiring for the "large party." "Here I am," said the three hundred odd pound Boland as he laboriously boarded the train.

Another of the "heirlooms" was presented on the stage one evening during the recent alumni gathering. It represented Rev. Mr. Dantzer on his first trip to Washington, as having got stranded in Pittsburg. "With pencil in hand he essayed to tack a benevolent cop, but the cop being solicitous for the curly headed deaf and dumb youngster, takes him to the police station for consultation with the sergeant. In vain Dantzer protested that all that was needed was information as to the location of the railway. A tag was affixed to the fuming young man, giving destination and calling upon all benevolent brakemen and conductors to give the poor boy a lift on his way, etc., etc., ad nauseam. And yet the foundation of this story grew out of a trivial incident in Harrisburg. It seems Messrs. Dantzer and Boland, who were on their way home for the Christmas holidays, travelled together as far as Harrisburg, after which they had to part company. Dantzer went up to the gateman and requested that he be given notice when his train for the north came in. He did not use pad and pencil, but spoke out like any ordinary person, and thus far all went well, but soon afterward the gateman noticed Dantzer using the sign-language in talking with Boland. He, therefore, went up and inquired whether Dantzer was deaf, and learning that such was the case, proceeded to affix a tag marked, "Elmira, 3.30 A.M.," in order, as the gateman said, to identify the one bound for that place, Boland not being so large as he latter became. The tag was, of course, indignantly removed. That is all. But Boland hugely enjoyed his fellow traveler's discomfiture, and on his return to college two weeks later proceeded to tell the story, and since then it has gone its rounds till it is almost unrecognizable.

Boland denied any knowledge of such an occurrence, but thought the story originated from his once having telegraphed the conductor of a branch road train, "Hold train for forty minutes."

Mrs. Margaret (Harrington) Swett passed away quietly on the afternoon of Thursday, December 5th, of old age, at the home of her

youngest daughter, Mrs. G. T. Sanders in Mt. Airy. The deceased was born in Ireland, February 17th, 1825. She attended the old Fiftieth Street School, New York. Among her teachers was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, whom to the last she greatly revered. After leaving in 1848, she went to live in Lowell, Mass. In 1850 she was married to Mr. William B. Swett, who founded the Beverly (Mass.) School. Mr. Swett was at the head of this school only four years, dying in 1884, and being succeeded by his eldest daughter, Nellie, who died a few days ago. For twenty-five years Mrs. Swett was matron of the Beverly School, being greatly beloved by all connected with the Institution. By many she was looked upon as "the power behind the throne," and it was largely due to her wise management of affairs that the school so long continued in existence. Among Mrs. Swett's schoolmates, whom she often referred to in her old age, were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taber, of Auburn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Burwell (nee Silence Taber) of Scipio, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback, of Lyons, N. Y., and many others—most of whom had preceded Mrs. Swett to "that undiscovered country, whence no traveller returns."

Mrs. Swett is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Persis L. Bowden, of the Beverly School, and Mrs. G. T. Sanders, of Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, and four grand-daughters, Mrs. Ellis M. Pearce, of Philadelphia, Helen Bowden, of the Rome (N. Y.) School, and Dorothy and Margaret Sanders, of Mt. Airy.

A short funeral service was read at the home in Mt. Airy, on Saturday afternoon, December 6, after which the body was shipped to Beverly accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sanders. In Beverly the final funeral services were held in St. Peter's Church, by the rector, the Rev. E. J. Huiginn, assisted by Rev. Mr. S. S. Searing—burial being in the family lot in the Beverly Cemetery.

On Thanksgiving evening, a pleasing number of little plays were given in the Guild Room of All Souls' Church, for the benefit of the Parish Building Fund. Over two hundred deaf-mutes and their hearing friends attended. The program was as follows:

1. Address.....Rev. C. O. Dantzer.
2. Magic tricks.....Henry Friemel.
3. "My Country 'tis of Thee".....Mesdames Syle, Ford and Miss Janette King.
4. "The Hypochondriac".....Messrs. Dantzer and Waterhouse.
5. "A Case of Paresis".....Miss Mae Stemple and Mr. W. H. Lipsett.
6. "The Eccentric Jew".....Harry E. Stevens.
7. "In Puritan Times".....Mesdames Syle and Rodgers.
8. "A Thanksgiving Elopment".....Misses Gertrude Parker, and Mary H. Spurry and Messrs. Wallace Cook and W. H. Lipsett.

The Gallaudet Club was royally entertained by Messrs. S. G. Davidson and J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., at the home of the former in Mt. Airy, on the evening of Saturday, November 23. Mrs. Davidson was assisted by Miss Carrie M. Hess and Miss Mary C. Hoopes in dispensing the hospitalities of the evening.

Prof. Kirkhuff delivered a lecture to the deaf at Beth Israel Synagogue on December 1st, and on the 8th inst., Hanucca services were held. The attendance was very large, over eighty being present—about twenty being pupils from Mt. Airy School.

After a moving picture show, of about one and a half hour's duration, boxes of candy

were distributed. There were several outsiders present.

Miss Gertrude Parker, one of the valued workers at All Souls', and a leading member of the Silent Choir, has accepted a position as Supervisor of little boys at the Rome (N. Y.) School, and expects to leave for her new place before Christmas. She will be greatly missed here.

Baptized—All Souls', Sunday, December 1, Fannie Baker Large, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seneca F. Large, of Doylestown, Pa.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Sievers (nee Edna Stevenson) a son, on November 7th.

Marriages—Bertha Haldeman to John Foster, in Camden, N. J., November 16.

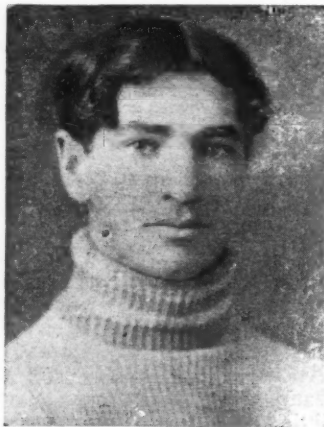
Laura Wilson to Endless T. Morris, in West Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day.

C. D.

PHILADELPHIA, December 10, 1907.

A Well-Known Canadian Deaf Athlete.

Canada, the land of the Maple, is well known the world over as the home of sturdy and stalwart athletes, and among them we can well boast of one deaf-mute—John Edward



JOHN EDWARD CROUGH.

Crough, of Peterboro. He possesses remarkable physical prowess and if nothing serious befalls him we may still see him higher up in the lime-light of prominence.

Down in the little village of Ermismore, on the banks of the Otanabee River, near Peterboro, was born the subject of this sketch who lost his hearing at the age of four, through some unknown cause. After ten years of schooling in the Belleville School for the Deaf, Johnny, who had now thoroughly learned the art of printing, secured a position in the office of the *Peterboro Examiner* after graduating in 1898, but a year or so afterwards he went to Perth where he picked up work in the Canadian Pacific Railway shops. The alluring inducements of the golden West were of the most inviting kind and off to the Pacific coast struck he in quest of broader fields of activity. Here his fame as an all round athlete began to show up. He first joined the senior football team of Nelson B. C. and helped it to land the football championship of the Kootenay District. After this he joined the hockey team of the same town and went with it through every battle, until it won the championship of British Columbia.

Finding he had done enough in the West, this adroit athlete and roving youth crossed over to Seattle, Wash., to see the sights there, determined to make a show of his sporting abilities. His first show up was on the Wesley hockey team of Toronto and, later,

the Scots football team of the same city and was with that team when they cinched the football championship of Ontario.

Going on to Peterboro, he joined the hockey team of that city and his brilliant work and lightning rushes did a great deal in winning the intermediate hockey of Ontario in 1902 for that city.

Again he loomed up as a brilliant forward player on the Y. M. C. A. football team of that city, and was most instrumental in assisting it to capture the championship of the Midland District Association. He also figured on the Peterboro Rugby football team when it ran away with the rugby supremacy of the county of Peterboro. His next exploits turned up when he assisted the James Morrison Mfg Co. team to win the Love Cup, and the championship of the manufacturer's association of Toronto. Now we find him one of the best players on the Peterboro Rugby football team, which won the championship of the province of Ontario last fall. We congratulate this youthful yet renowned player on his winning so many championship medals, something without an equal among the deaf in Ontario.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Stray Straws.

NOW the New Year of 1908 is facing us bright and clear, there comes to mind these words of Edwin Markham on:

THE FACE.

Vain as vain dust the evil done
By mortals under moon and sun;
For instantaneous as light
After the evil comes the blight.
And tho the thunder falls unheard,
We cannot hope to hide the word,
For the great judgment angels trace
God's whispered fiat on the face;
Unknown to us the Judgment Book
Is open for the world to look."

And speaking thus of the face does it not occur to you to notice the changes wrought in the faces of those friends that you have not met for years and years. The mere wrinkles of old Father Time are not meant but the expression of the eyes and mouth which show the way of the supposed hidden inward life.

Conventions are good places at which to make studies of different faces in the way of Edwin Markham and last summer's big conventions gave us ample opportunity when meeting friends and acquaintances of many years' absence. Some of the faces did, indeed, plainly bear the marks of selfishness and dissipation, some the busy touch of intrigue and double dealing, others the pessimist with liver out of order, and yet a goodly number had the pleasant and attractive expression of lives attuned to right living and high ideals.

After the Christmas shopping, which is at once a delight and a woe, the month of January seems as restful as the season of Lent.

Chasing through the gay shops for Christmas gifts to suit one's fancy and purse, at the same time, is something strenuous. And so many of the attractive things are either too heavy or breakable to trust by mail or express. We lingered around a counter full of Scotch motto ware but dared not buy. These were cups, bowls, saucers, plates and candle holders, all in that thick brown earthen ware of our great grandmother's day and each piece was inscribed with a suitable motto. Of two plates we remember one had this motto:

"I slept and dream't
That life was beauty,

I awoke and found
That life was duty."

And the other had this:

"Take thy calling thankfully,
Love thy neighbor, neighbourly,
Shun the path to beggary."

And on a quaint candle there was this highly appropriate one:

"Do what you can,
Being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm
If you can't be a star."

There seems to be a tendency of deaf teachers at some state schools to form a sort of "aristocracy" among themselves. They visit and entertain each other and sort of give other deaf folks, who are in other employments than that of teaching, the "snub" polite."

We wonder why, sometimes, but suppose it is because it just happens that way.

It often is true that a deaf mechanic, or bookkeeper, or factory worker, draws better wages than the teacher who handles an "aristocratic" salary once a month. And it's also sometimes quite true that those workers in humble callings have nearly as much (if not more) real refinement and brains as some of the deaf teachers. By mixing socially, they could help each other more than they realize. The teacher would get out of his or her old rut and the other worker would forget the grind and absorb more of the educated side of life.

Of course, a certain amount of congeniality must always be considered but a little uncongeniality need not be an excuse for undue exclusiveness.

The deaf, like the Jews, form a certain kind of "nationality of themselves" in any and all countries under the sun. But unlike the Jews they are not as jealously considerate of each other's interest as might be.

In a private letter from a prominent ex-superintendent of the deaf there is this remark: "As an outsider who has been inside so long, I have come to realize that, the public generally look upon all institution people as peculiar, exclusive and different from other folks." And he suggests that it be one of the missions of all of us deaf to do more and more to let the public know that we are just like other folks.

All well and good. And there are plenty of worthy deaf folks with that kind of a mission already, but there are lots of hearing folks who will not be shown and do not want to be shown.

When I lost my hearing my family did not see any reason why I should not resume attendance at the public school the same as before. And so I went on to school for a couple years and my hearing school-mates never seemed to think my deafness made any difference. They nearly all acquired a fluent use of the double-hand alphabet and some thought it was fine to write instead of speaking. During these two years my deafness was altogether in the background, and I never felt "peculiar" or any different from my hearing school-mates.

But then the kind teacher decided that advanced studies would necessitate more care on her part than she could give and suggested the state school for the deaf for me. So off I was sent by "cruel" parents and all through that first term at the school for the deaf I cried indignantly because they had put me in a "lunatic asylum," as I thought.

The coming home for the summer's vacation and the looking up of old playmates and

school friends was the turning point of my deafness though. The children seemed afraid of another one who had been to the "deaf and dumb asylum," and all the old happy friendliness seemed frozen into wondering stares and whispers of "she goes to the deaf and dumb asylum." The little ones only expressed the attitude of their grown-up elders, for that is about the way the hearing public generally look at the deaf educated in the state schools.

It should be the mission of superintendents of schools for the deaf to do everything possible in making the public understand that such schools are not "deaf and dumb asylums" and do not taint the pupils as if they were the inmates of a jail or a insane hospital.

It happens frequently that in a class room of fairly well behaved pupils there is one or more of the "black sheep" variety.

For instance, we know of a little boy who looks perfectly harmless, but when the mood comes he can be the very imp of mischief. One day while the teacher's back was turned for an instant there he was up on top of the radiator making monkey faces and jabbering *a la* oral method at the whole class. And another time he was discovered down on the floor wriggling along under a whole row of desks. When rebuked and punished he would pretend to be innocent of any wrong doing. Perhaps it might be observed that the antics of such children do more to convince us of the truth of Darwin's theory than any amount of scientific logic.

E. F. L.

Olin---Stover.

The wedding of Miss Minnie E. Olin to Mr. Weldon E. Stover took place at the Central United Presbyterian church Monday evening, Oct. 21st. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. B. A. McBride, pastor of the church, and was interpreted by Prof. R. E. Stewart, former superintendent of the Nebraska school. John M. O'Brien was the best man, and Miss Ada B. Stanley was the bridesmaid. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party, including invited guests, repaired to the Millard hotel in carriages, where an eight-course wedding dinner was served in one of the private dining rooms. The room was artistically decorated with red and white carnations, smilax and white and red roses, the color scheme of other decorations being white and red. Those present at the wedding dinner were, besides the bride and groom: Thomas D. Olin, father of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Morrill; Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Stover, of Ashland, Neb., brother and sister-in-law of the groom; Miss Ada B. Stanley; John M. O'Brien; Mrs. M. Brandt; R. E. Stewart; Miss Eliza Chandler Westcott; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Olin; Mrs. John Perkins; Mrs. J. R. Dermond; Miss Rose O'Neill, and Mrs. H. Hardin, all but Mr. and Mrs. Merill Stover and Mr. O'Brien being hearing people.

The event created a genuine surprise among the deaf people hereabouts, but they all shared in the gladness of the newly-married couple, at the same time wishing the happy couple a long and blissful life. Mr. W. E. Stover, the groom, was born in Altoona, Pa., and, after his folks moved to Nebraska, he attended at the Nebraska Institution a number of years. He is a young, industrious man, and is employed in the Cudahy box-making department at South Omaha. The bride was born in Omaha, but received her education at the Ohio and Fanwood (N. Y. City) schools. She has been a leader, managing social functions successfully in the interest of the O. S. A. The happy couple will be at home to their friends after Nov. 21st, at 2515 South 21st street, Omaha, Neb.

Every wise man, when he sees a rock giving away, withdraws from the bootless attempt of preventing the fall.—*Quentin Durward*.

Indiana

IN a conspicuous corner of the Harris bicycle shop at Indianapolis, owned and conducted by a deaf man, a sign is displayed giving the information that all kinds of rubber goods are repaired. "Robbie" Binkley, fresh from college and duly imbued with the responsibility incident upon being thrown into the world to shift for himself, with something supposed to be his B.A. parchment roll protruding out of a hind pocket, presides behind the counter when the "boss" is out. The other day a jester dropped in, and noticing the sign asked the pride of Gallaudet whether he repaired "rubber-necks." Robbie had been busy and his wits for the time being were dormant. He failed to see the joke; looked wise and did all he could to land the job. His friends are having a merry laugh on him, and he has ever since been on the war-path for the fellow that started his troubles.

A new bowling mark was hung up the other evening, rolled on a regulation alley in Indianapolis, by Ledger Sackett, which will stand as one of the season's best scores, and which promises to remain unassailed by our silent pin-knights for a long time to come. It overlaps by two pins the record set season before last by N. Lee Harris, another of our experts, and which has taken two years to overcome. Mr. Sackett made eight strikes out of a possible twelve, the rest being in spares without a single miss.

The "Silent Five" bowling team, composed, besides the two above named, Frank Sackett, Howard Overhiser, George Arnot and Albert Berg, has taken part in various tournaments in our capital city during the past several years and made a creditable showing.

There has been some talk of holding a bowling meet at Colorado Springs during the session at the World's Congress in 1910. Should it take place, the "Silent Five" are confident of taking a good slice of the prize money. They are taking time by the forelock and preparing for eventualities. President Veditz assures us that there will be at our disposal the finest alleys west of Chicago.

The Kentucky Standard already notes an improvement in *The Silent Hoosier* under its new management. Is it owing to the absence of the sign-language dooming nonsense? I wonder what ex-editor Hecker will think of Bro. McClure. It seems to me rather premature to credit so much to one who has barely got his coat off and sleeves rolled up for business, and in face of an honorable record (leaving out the nonsense above referred to) of seventeen years by his predecessor. There is really not a better friend and advocate of the sign-language than Mr. Hecker. He "doomed" it merely to provoke discussion and succeeded admirably.

A deaf man was a witness, the other day, in an insanity proceeding in a local Justice of the Peace Court. It happened that his right hand was minus several fingers, and when he raised it to be sworn, the opposing counsel, who would be funny, arose to question the legality of such oath on account of the hand being maimed. The joke did not go, and the attorney barely escaped a fine for contempt of Court.

A Jeffersonville, Ind., woman committed

suicide the other day because she was becoming deaf. She had a good husband, loving children and a comfortable home,—three things that make life worth living under almost any circumstances. But one in a position to appreciate the irreparable deprivation in the loss of hearing, without taking into consideration the necessarily attendant imperfection of speech, the resultant hindrances and embarrassment, will prefer the grave. Writing from a personal point of view, there is the consolation that we live this life but once, and its disappointment is somewhat alleviated by the hope for a different one hereafter. Surely it can not be any worse.

ALBERT BERG.

How Tom Nash Lost His Voice

(From the "Autobiography of Mark Twain" in the *Sunday Magazine*.)

That was about 1849. Tom Nash was a boy of my own age—the postmaster's son. The Mississippi was frozen across, and he and I went skating one night, probably without permission. I cannot see why we should go skating in the night unless without permission, for there could be no considerable amusement to be gotten out of skating at night if nobody was going to object to it. About midnight, when we were more than half a mile out toward the Illinois shore, we heard some ominous rumbling and grinding and crashing going on between us and the home side of the river, and we knew what it meant—the ice was breaking up. We started for home, pretty badly scared. We flung along at full speed, whenever the moonlight sifting down between the clouds, enabled us to tell which was ice and which was water. In the pauses we waited; started again whenever there was a good bridge of ice; paused again when we came to naked water, and waited in distress until a floating vast cake should bridge that place.

It took us an hour to make the trip—a trip which we made in a misery of apprehension all the time. But, at last, we arrived within a very brief distance of the shore. We waited again; there was another place that needed bridging. All about us the ice was plunging and grinding along, and piling itself up in mountains on the shore, and the dangers were increasing, not diminishing. We grew very impatient to get to solid ground; so we started too early, and went springing from cake to cake. Tom made a miscalculation and fell short. He got a bitter bath; but he was so close to shore that he only had to swim a stroke or two; then his feet struck hard bottom and he crawled out. I arrived a little later without accident.

We had been in a drenching perspiration, and Tom's bath was a disaster for him. He took to his bed sick, and had a procession of diseases. The closing one was scarlet fever, and he came out of it stone deaf. Within a year or two speech departed, of course. But some years later he was taught to talk, after a fashion—one couldn't always make out what it was he was trying to say. Of course, he could not modulate his voice, since he couldn't hear himself talk. When he supposed he was talking low and confidentially, you could hear him in Illinois.

Four years ago (1902) I was invited by the University of Missouri to come out there and receive the honorary degree of LL.D. I took that opportunity to spend a week at Hannibal—a city now, a village in my day. It had been fifty-three years since Tom Nash and I had that adventure. When I was at the railway station ready to leave Hannibal, there was a crowd of citizens on hand. I saw Tom Nash approaching me across a vacant space, and I walked toward him, for I recognized him at once. He was old and white haired; but the boy of fifteen was still visible in him. He came up to me, made a trumpet of his hands at my ear, nodded his head toward the citizens, and said confidentially, in a yell like a fog horn:

"Same damned fools, Sam!"

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vale 1907! Ave 1908!

The king is dead! Long live the king!

Here's health and happiness to you and yours throughout the whole new year.

A PRESS AGENT seems to have become a necessary adjunct to the *fin de siècle* school for the deaf.

It is only a step from Rome to the Tarpeian Rock, and it is not always the sinner that takes the step.

Leaf by Leaf THE death of Mrs. S. Tefft Walker was indeed a sad one, and the whole profession stands at her bier, beside brother Walker, with bowed and uncovered head.

The Library Fund

TO THOSE of the parents who are demurring because our Library Fund has been ordered into the State Treasury, we would say that it is likely that hereafter we shall be allowed a reasonable part of it for the personal requirements of the child and for lectures and entertainments, as heretofore. Contributions have been made with that understanding, and the state will doubtless keep faith.

To be Regretted THE regrettable fact crops out that the school that recently abandoned printing did it almost wholly, if not wholly, on account of the expense. We trust the suspension is only temporary, and that we may soon, again, see the *News* established at the old stand. A printing department is necessarily an expensive one, but, if handled carefully, can be made to pay a very large part of the expense.

Yule-tide

THE majority of schools in the United States have abandoned the Christmas holiday, and for obvious reasons. It was found that many children remained at home long after the time allotted to their vacation had expired, and that contagious disease that caused great inconvenience and loss of time was often introduced into the school by those returning. We have the holiday this year with the usual proviso that children return promptly, that they keep away from all kind of contagion during their visit and that they do not go home again until the end of the term; and we wish for all a joyous holiday season.

The Foolish Mamma THE very recent case of a little girl of sixteen, who, immediately after leaving school, slipped away and embarked upon the sea of matrimony is only just one more suggestion to mammas who are so prone to be over-persuaded by cute little girls. The child, after three or four brief terms in school, when but quarter educated, and just at a time when she needs the most painstaking care, takes it into her head that she wants to leave school. She has a good time, during her vacations, amusements, visits, unlimited freedom, and she longs for these things during the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. She does not, however, express herself candidly to her mother. Not she. She knows it would be an argument that would fail. What she says is this, that she has sufficient education, that her school-mates are unkind to her, and that she is anxious to go to work and help maintain the family. Wise little girl; unwise mamma. The die is cast, and while almost without education, with character unformed, just when she needs restraint and especial care, at a time when she is wholly unfit to face the world, she is thrown out upon it. Is it to be wondered at, that there is so often a foolish marriage or worse? For the child who has just taken on the duties of wife-hood there will be misery and suffering and tears; but next year and the year after, and in all the years to come there will be just such foolish mammas, mammas who will believe the specious pleas of their baby girls, whose thought is to "go into society," and who do not know themselves that they are losing the major part of their education, and in many cases wrecking their happiness. But mammas ought to know.

Manners Morals, and Patriotism

THE Board of Education of a neighboring city has just decided that instruction in manners, morals and patriotism be added to the curriculum in its schools.

Of the conditions that have brought about the adoption of the resolution, a member of the Board says:—

"I have noticed repeatedly on passing schools about the time of dismissal that the children lack respect for their elders. I have seen them throw things at and jostle against aged persons. I have heard them use profane

language. There should be a certain period set apart each day for every teacher to instruct the scholars on these lines.

They should be taught what a lie means, for example. They should be taught the principles of common honesty and politeness. They ought to be taught patriotic songs, and love and reverence for our country. We have no system of instruction on these lines, as they have in Boston, Chicago and other large cities."

Instruction upon these lines is certainly all very well; but is it not somewhat belated in our sister town? We thought that in every school in the world first importance was attached to these three essentials, for education would be almost worse than useless without them.

Night Schools for the Deaf.

THE recent suggestion made by a high authority in school matters in New York that provision be made for the evening education and entertainment of the deaf in that city is a most excellent one but one that has been rather anticipated by the deaf themselves. Already there are societies in the metropolis that provide for the intellectual needs of the deaf excellently well. No one knows better how to make such provision than those of experience, similarly handicapped, and about the only way to improve the present pabulum would be to select a committee of the intelligent deaf, furnish them with such means as could be spared, and, under its direction, increase the number and variety of the lectures and literary events that are now being given.

MY BED.

It is a narrow inn, shall I confess?
But amply broad enough for weariness.

No lights flare out a greeting; but what cheer,
What flowing sweet tranquillity is here!

All silent is the caravansary,
And no obsequious landlord welcomes me.

Aweary from the ways of toil and sin,
Through one half-open door I stumble in.

Soft on the yielding floor I sink and fall,
The only guest in that mysterious hall.

Unseen, unheard, the servants come and go,
And weave a weird bewitchment to and fro.

A noiseless butler pours a shadowy wine,
And witless, prone upon my back, I dine.

Smooth hands caress me, reached I know not
whence,
And lay a subtle charm on every sense.

Kind porters come a-tiptoe, grave and gray,
And bear my heavy burdens all away.

What passes there I never rightly ken,
So strange the place from all the modes of men.

But whether more or little understood,
I hereby testify the inn is good.

And if, as gossip rumors all agree,
This landlord keeps another hostelry,

Where, at the end of my last journey, I
A little longer while am like to lie,

I'll know the second inn is kind as this,
And greet its narrow doorway with a kiss.

School and City

All is lonely in our dwelling.

We shall be glad to see the days warm up again.

Mamie Gessner and Jemima Smith are inseparable.

"But it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

We closed the year with an empty hospital, much to our satisfaction.

A "spelling bee" will be one of the early entertainments of the year.

A fine new Reach professional basket-ball has been added to our outfit.

The question of increased accommodations will come up at an early day.

Mr. Russel Brown was a caller on the 18th much to the delight of Miss Fannie.

Mr. Lloyd's closing Sunday evening talk for 1807 was one of the finest of the year.

Persimmons are scarce and high and our boys seldom get the high persimmons.

Miss Grace Apgar is expecting a visit from her friend Clara Breese in the near future.

A splendid set of new bench-screws for the wood-working department are "on the way."

Everybody's glad to see the days begin to lengthen, even if the cold does begin to strengthen.

Masters Blake and Adlon are great readers. The new set of Kipling is their hobby just at present.

The movements of our great squadron have been followed with the keenest interest by our pupils of late.

The children bought quite a few Christmas presents, before leaving, to take home to their families and friends.

When it comes to feeding the cylinder press there is hardly a boy who can take Messick's and Sweeney's place.

If a prize were given for refinement, a little girl whose initials are E. C. would come pretty near getting it.

Miss Wood and her class paid a visit to the Hewitt Training School a few days ago, and had "a beautiful time."

Isaac Lowe went to Lambertville to spend a few days with his Aunt Carrie, before going home for the holidays.

Mark Thorn is quite an artist. He left the slates full of Santa Claus's and Christmas trees when he went home.

The sympathies of all are extended to Miss Wood in the sad loss she has sustained in the death of her Grandmamma.

Among the students at Pennington whom our boys met on Saturday was a young man who is totally deaf. He is one of the brightest students in the seminary.

What would happen to Joe Adlon, if he should steal Miss Dellicker's new calendar? He would get twelve months.

At the invitation of Mr. Cleary we spent Friday afternoon at the Trent entertainment and had a most enjoyable time.

The storm on the 14th was simply terrific, but our little folks are resourceful, and they had a merry half holiday in spite of it all.

Willie Henry, Charles Quigley, Arthur Blake, Thomas Logan, and Carmine Pace are the best "Papaps" the baby boys ever had.

Mr. George Lloyd officiated in chapel on Sunday, much to the delight of the little folks, who always love to see a new face there.

The ladies of Hamilton Ave. Church gave the children their Christmas treat on the afternoon of the 19th, and a royal treat it was.

There never was a fall more full of hard, conscientious study and hearty obedience on the part of our pupils than the one just past.

Misses Bilbee and Whelan and their little girls have been busy as bees during the past month making up pretty things for the holidays.

Strange that some should forge ahead so rapidly in their studies and others so slowly; and isn't it largely a matter of trying or not trying.

A complete Nature Study Chart has been added to the furnishings of Class A's room, and the pupils there never tire of looking over it.

The boys and girls in Mr. Sharp's class think the little poem "O Little Town of Bethlehem" so pretty that most of them have memorized it.

Thomas Crowell's sister was married on Tuesday night, and Thomas ate so many good things that he could hardly get to school the next day.

Miss Koehler responded to a "hurry call" from Oklahoma on the 10th of the month and is now a full-fledged teacher in the Guthrie school.

We usually have a few days of fine skating before Christmas, but missed it this time, and our customary December skating carnival had to go over.

Dawes Sutton and Mabel Zorn have the same birth-day, Dec. 10th, and each received a fine batch of postals on Tuesday, the occasion of their last one.

DeWitt Staats is developing a great deal of mechanical skill and promises to be one of the finest workmen in his department in the course of another year.

The fine new sectional book cases that have been put in the chapel recently were largely the work of Clarence Spencer who is naturally very proud of them.

Owing to the great storm on Saturday, children were not allowed to draw on their accounts till Monday when an extra half hour was allowed for their shopping.

In the outside world there is a "marble time," a "top-time," and a hoop time. Our boys care but little for the latter two, but for marbles "all seasons are summer."

Geo. Bedford has been varying the monotony of his existence by a visit of a couple of days at the hospital. A slight "breaking out" was the occasion of George's visit.

Mary Mendum's sister Bella was a visitor on Sunday, and they had a very enjoyable day together. Miss Bella is a book-keeper for Tilton & Co. in their home-town, Vineland.

The last re-union of the year was held on Saturday evening. The intermediate boys and girls were all invited, and the games and marches were engaged in with more than the usual zest.

Master John Hetzel, of our this year's entering class, who has no ears and yet who is, in some mysterious way, able to hear quite well, has held quite a prominent place in the newspapers of late.

The mahogany stand being made in the wood-working department is very artistic. It is entirely original in design, and is going to be one of the most beautiful pieces ever turned out of our "shop."

A little boy in the school at Ujijii sent home for postage-stamps and, when they were sent him, sold them and bought candy with the money. Nobody in a civilized school would be so mean as that.

Mary Sommers had her outing at Swedesboro where she was the guest of Annie Mayer. Annie and her aunt are the finest hostesses in the world and Mary always thoroughly enjoys her visits with them.

The wind plays "high-jinks" with us sometimes. It has, within the past month, blown in a sky light on the boys' side, and slammed the big back door so hard as to knock out two of the big fancy lights there.

Our boys and girls are getting to be great newspaper readers, and the extra copies so kindly furnished by the *Gazette*, *True American* and *Times* give them ample opportunity to satisfy their taste in that direction.

The Priests and Sisters at the Church of the Immaculate Conception royally entertained our little Catholic boys and girls on Wednesday afternoon, and all agreed that it was a splendid foretaste of their Christmas joys.

While little Eddie Edwards was standing, open-eyed, before Taylor's Opera House, the other afternoon, looking at the big Peter-Pan posters, Mrs. Roebing came along and invited him in, and Eddie had the time of his life.

We were the guests of Mr. Shalters, Thursday afternoon a week at the Howe exhibition of moving pictures, and had one of the greatest treats of the season. The automobile races at Dieppe and the manoeuvring of the racing yachts were especially fine.

The game of basket-ball at Pennington was a "beauty-bright." Though on a strange floor and playing with one of the crack teams of the county our boys held the seminary boys to 33-44. A large delegation went up with our five and all agreed that it was one of the best games of the season.

A little party, consisting of Anna Robinson, Edith Tussey, Gertrude Hampe, Anna Klepper, Louisa Parella, Marion Apgar, Alice Battersby, Lizzie Matthews, Ida Reed and Eliza Smith, went shopping on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Miss Whelan. They brought home some of the prettiest Christmas things you ever saw.

Married.

Among the pretty weddings of the year was that of James B. Ward, of New York city, to Theresa Smith. It was solemnized by Rev. Father William F. Dittrich, of St. Joseph's Church, on June 29th, at No 13 Van Kureau avenue. Miss Josephine Smith, of Bound Brook, was maid-of-honor, and Mr. William B. Lynch was best man, and there was present a large circle of relatives and friends. The happy couple has gone to New York city to live.

Julius Cloud---Act IV., Scene III.

[With apologies to Shakespeare, and especially to the discriminating reader, whenever the not very original lines basted together, of course, by a deaf-mute, put on a limping gait.—ZENO.]

Cassius—That you have wronged me, doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Ritter
For entering into a combination,
Wherein my friends, praying on his side,
Because I directed the man, were slighted off.

Brutus—You wronged yourself to use your friends in such a case.

C.—In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

B.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have a corrupt heart,
To sell and mart your office for a sorry
vindication.

C.—I a corrupt heart?
You know that you are Brutus, that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

B.—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

C.—Chastisement?

B.—Remember July, the Fourth of July, remember!
Should we contaminate our fingers with base
contrivances

And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For such trash as may be grasped at Norfolk?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon
Than such a deaf-mute.

C.—Brutus, bay not me.
I will not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a Gallaudet graduate, I,
Finer in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

B.—Go to—; you are not, Cassius.

C.—I am.

B.—I say you are not.

C.—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
further.

B.—Away, slight man!

C.—Is't possible?

B.—Hear me speak, for I will speak.
Must I give away and room to your rash
choler?

Shall I be frightened when a man battoning on
drugs, stares?

C.—O, ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

B.—All this? Ay more, fret till your proud heart
breaks.

Go, show your lackeys how choleric you are,
And make your henchmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your tasty humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do spend you, for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yes, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

C.—Is it come to this?

B.—You say you are a better scholar;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well, for mine part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men,
And gape at their freak proposals.

C.—You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus,

I said a finer scholar in practice, not a better,
Did I say "better?"

B.—If you did, I care not.

C.—When the dear "pret" spoke thus, he would
not have moved me so.

B.—Peace, peace! he hath said, "Ye are the light
of the world."

Be ye, therefore, perfect." When he spake so,
You durst not thus have slighted him.

C.—I durst not?

B.—No.

C.—What? Durst not slight him?

B.—For your life, you durst not.

C.—Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

B.—You have done that you should be sorry for,

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did talk to you

Of the federation plan, which you pretended to
favor,

For I can raise no friends for it by vile means,

By heaven, I had rather tear out my heart

And give my blood to dogs, than to wring.

From the tardy intelligence of the deaf their
unwilling assent

By any indiscretion. I did talk to you to help
the plan,

Which you did not at Norfolk, was this done
like Cassius?

Should I have answered Cassius so?

When Brutus grows so sordid

To play such rascal tricks on his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

C.—I did not fail you.

B.—You did, Cassius. You proclaimed
That the convention would be a "working
convention"

With a big flaunting WORKING, and you worked
it.

C.—I did not.

B.—You did, and you called upon heaven
To speed our enterprise, no respite to give,
Till happy America rises and cries, All hail!
Federation hail!

In unassailable brotherhood and unshaken bond
we are united!

O fie upon your constancy! As Fates with
traitors do conspire,

So you adjourned the convention, nipped in
its high blown expectations.

Do you deny this?

C.—It was hot at Norfolk.

B.—And you were hot with the accusation that I
am ungrateful,

As tho' you owned me and sold mine honor
For an invitation to partake of a mess of
broth.

C.—I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back, Brutus hath
riveted my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

B.—I do not till you practice them on me.

C.—You love me not.

B.—I do not like your faults.

C.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

B.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

C.—Come, Billy and young Clayton—come!

Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is weary of the world,

Aweary of Mt. Pike's murky fame,

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Checkered like a bondman; all his faults ob-
served,

Set in a note book, learned and conned by
rote,

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than a Leadville mine, richer than gold;

If that thou be't a Californian, take it forth;
I that hoodwinked you, will give my heart.

Strike, thou fearsome Brutus!

B.—Sheath your dagger;

Be angry when you will, dishonor will be dis-
honor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark

And straight is cold again.

C.—Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexed him?

B.—When I spoke that, I was just but ill-tempered
too.

C.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

B.—And my heart too, if you turn over a new leaf.

C.—O Brutus!

B.—What is the matter?

Damn your crooked vindication and crooked
estuations;

Dam your tear sluices and be a Man!

C.—O Brutus!

B.—Scully Long, his fingers silver-tipped with elo-
quence,

To the snappish Norfolk Convention, did say
That when Julius Cloud, the great Julius whom
revenge stabbed,

Opened his head, he opened it for the Right.
You bet I will open my head and have the last
word for justice's sake.

Listen, Cassius; Maryland's noblest blood runs
in my veins,

And I did honor Norfolk with my presence,
Tho' the farflung California shore fringes the
earth's furthestmost confines,

Where homing dragons redden the path of the
westerling sun

And with widespread jaws affright the ventu-
resome sailor.

"Of the most distressing chances that I took in
my traveller's journey

From obstreperously dressed conductors and de-
predatory Pullman porters,

It is not my hint to churn a tale,
Of moving accidents on deserts boundless,

And blizzard-icy ridges whose pale drifts reach
to heaven,

Of hairbreath escapes from monster Gilas
That doth bask torpid under barbed cactus.

The more agile panthers, and grizzled bears that
straddle like man,

Of Yosemite's yawning chasms thundrous
With tumbling glaciers and snow-cold cataracts,

Yellowstone's smoking counterfeits of sulphurous
Inferno,

And Mississippi's noisome waters into the bot-
tomless ooze

Of which leprous crocodilans huge, drag shaggy
bisons."

But, Cassius, I will take this unpinioned hour
to ask,

Were the toils and perils of my journey as
nothing,

That you repay my pains with scurvy and pro-
voking tricks?

If that thou be'st a honest man, thou wouldst
say,

I, Cassius, own the Convention; stand aside
And give me scope till the mighty Cloud falls,

In which case proud California, flinging round
her,

The cloak of ancient isolation, would forbear
to attend.

You did not tell me that, pliant as hell as you
were!

In faith, give me answer to that?

C.—Have you not love enough to bear with me;
When that slippery humor which my mother
gave me,

Made me forget?

B.—Do not blame your mother or wife, Cassius.
Stay; harken yet a while longer. My pilgrim-
age happily consummated,

I, as a guest, was welcome, so gracious was
the time.

Friendship met at the mirthful table,

The strenuous Alexander, the moderate Hodg-
son, the fluent Pach, the nimble Fox, the
plain Kohlman,

Lording it over the brave repasts,

And the roaring Atlantic called to the joyous
Pacific

Which, exultant, answered again.

Then came the Fourth of July, the noisy day of
Peace and Freedom,

When Julius, the foremost son of Saint Louis,
bled to pay ambition's debt,

And more the pity of it, O Cassius, the pity of it,

Pale America, rolling her eyes in wild surmise,
Saw you butcher your good name and fair reputation

And sink in her rich opinion!

C.—O Brutus!

B.—Was I, who am of a free and open nature as noonday

And blunt in speech, angry? What could I do?
Must Brutus, abashed, cringe and not resign?
Not agree with the boisterous Roosevelt
Who, belching wisdom like a smoky Aetna, did say:

"I would be a Virginia skunk, if I do otherwise?"

Ay, Ritter's rotten borough is full of "red necks"

That hear not, see not, understand not.

O Cassius, I pity you! Cleanse your drugged conscience

And leave your measly company for the gentle *Alma Mater's* sake.

Forgiving base ingratitude, I will to Colorado Springs,

But pray do not, in your *finesse*, palm off
On our none too fine discrimination,

Apple champagne for the genuine Eperuay article.

C.—O Brutus!

B.—"Ye are the light of the world, be ye therefore perfect."

I will shut my prosy and rythmless head,

And now, to the Federation business.

Wouldst your *Alma Mater*, by writ and wise counsel, help it?

Things Masonic.

A FRIEND recently sent me a copy of the October number of the SILENT WORKER, earnestly soliciting my opinion of Mr. Morin's article on Masonic orders, which is a reply to one written by Mr. Wyand.

The sole reason for seeking my opinion is—this friend knows I am the daughter of a Mason and is generally under the impression that I am well posted on Masonic orders, which, in part, is true so far as the matter goes towards my being the daughter of a Mason—but the impression that I am well posted on every detail of these secret orders is most erratic.

However, for the benefit of this friend, I will, with the editor's permission, make the following statement on this subject.

I admit, after reading Mrs. Morin's article, I could gain very little clear light on the subject, so looked up the June number and carefully read Mr. Wyand's article, which evidently was a reply to P. M., and showed that more had been argued on this subject—in fact, the whole seemed to bear forth the impression that "A-conflict-of-opinion" battle is being waged between the aforesaid parties.

If my own opinion is worth anything, I might well apply to this subject the following polished stone, taken from a strongly built work:

"Truth lives forever, ideas have no existence outside of the mind, and only in the action of the mind.

"Makes a library of all thoughts of the race, and then should the race perish, the library being still in existence, the ideas would have perished."

So it may be said the ideas on this subject, which I commit to paper, may some day be made into a library of thoughts, and whereas the mind from which they were given birth will have perished.

To be candid, I fail to see why Mrs. Morin should have so severely arraigned Mr. Wyand.

His article impressed me as being very man-

fully construed and shows he possesses a mind well developed in the literary field. In fact, from what I have read of some of Mr. Wyand's articles, I consider some of the ideas he has borne forth, like finely polished stones from a mine of wisdom, which is rarely found in the writings from the pens of the deaf.

I do not mean the above remark to infer I am entirely siding with Mr. Wyand in this "conflict-of-opinion" battle, for I am not, nor am I going to side wholly with Mr. Morin. I mean to stand independent and be impartial to both sides—which I think is fair and ought to bring a feeling of truce.

Mrs. Morin is certainly laboring under a mistaken impression that she is the first deaf lady admitted into the Eastern Star order as a member. There is one other to our knowledge who was admitted four years before Mrs. Morin and this person is Miss Clara P. Smith, the well known professional photographer of Clayton, N. Y. (now retired from active business);

The Eastern Star is, as Mrs. Morin claims, a masonic order. Its membership is limited to daughters, sisters, wives and mothers of Master masons.

The question that seems almost an unsolvable problem is how these two totally deaf persons came to be admitted into the ranks of this secret order.

I have always and am still under the firm belief no totally deaf person can join any of the masonic secret orders, because of the ritual not being committed to paper. As the only way that the ritual can be communicated to an applicant is by word of mouth it follows that a deaf person cannot be an applicant.

The Knights of Pythias is not a masonic order, but imitation order. The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and several other orders, base their ritual on the masonic ritual, but it is not recognized by masons as being masonic, but as only an imitation of masonic ritual. Secret orders of this latter class, that are governed by an imitation of masonic ritual, will admit deaf persons into their ranks and accord to them the same benefits and privileges as their hearing brothers enjoy—but approach secret orders affiliated by masons and you will read a notice outside the door upon which you would knock—"Thou canst not enter here."

Being as the Eastern Star is governed strictly by masonic ritual, I am at a total loss to see how those two deaf ladies, Miss Smith and Mrs. Morin, came to be admitted into its ranks.

Discussing this subject lately with certain persons, I was asked by one, this pointed question.—

Q—"Will Mrs. Morin be permitted to remain a member of the Eastern Star order?"

Q—"Upon what do you base the objections to her remaining a member of the order?" I asked.

A—"Prior to her marriage I have it on good authority she embraced the full doctrine of the Roman Catholic faith in order to marry Mr. Philip Morin and I understand catholics cannot join masonic orders."

Here certainly is a point deserving of enlightenment. As far as I know, there is no rule, either among masons or among any other body affiliated with the masons, that prevents a Roman Catholic from belonging to the Order.

It is a rule of the Church that a person cannot belong to a secret society, but this rule is enforced by the Church, not by the lodges.

There are, to my knowledge, several catholics who have joined the masons. In some

cases they gave up their church to cling to the masons, while in other cases they gave up the masons, to go back to the church, but in none of these cases did the lodge have anything to do with it.

It follows, if it is true, Mrs. Morin has embraced the Roman Catholic faith, that it rests with her and the church whether she shall, or shall not, remain a member of the Eastern Star Order.

PANSY.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

(Written for, and delivered orally and in signs at the unveiling of the Gallaudet Statue, June 26, 1889.)

The mandate,—*"Go where glory waits,"*

Was less than naught to him;

He sought the souls whose day was dark,

Whose eyes, with tears, were dim.

As yet, his glory rests secure,

In many a grateful mind,

First blessed by him, with knowledge sweet,

And linked unto its kind.

They lay in prison, speechless, poor,

Unhearing, thralls of Fate,

Until he came, and said, "Come out!

It is not yet too late!"

He came, and lifted up, and spoke,

He set them in the sun;

The great good work goes on and on

That was by him begun.

And in this bronze he lives again,

But more within each heart,

To which he said, "Be of good cheer,

Let loneliness depart."

We lift the veil, and see how Art

Has fixed his likeness there;

And placed beside him one whose life

He lifted from despair.

She stands there as the type of those

To whom he gave his all;

Whose sorrows touched him, till his love

Went out beyond recall!

Ah, well it was, that little light

Was fostered by the Lord!

Ah, well it was, he loved the child

And felt her fate was hard!

Ah, well it was, he turned himself

Unto that speechless woe,

Which made the world a lonely road

One hundred years ago!

Rest here, thou semblance of our friend,

The while the world goes by!

Rest here, upon our College green,

Beneath the bending sky!

Remain, and bless the chosen work

That found its source in thee

'Tis through thy love that we, thy sons,

Are happy, strong, and free.

Rest here, thou Father of us all!

And when we pass thee by,

'Twill be with bared head and heart,

And mutely reverent eye.

Thank God, He gave thee unto us

To free us from our woe,

And put the key into thy hand

One hundred years ago!

—Howard Glyndon

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

(CHARTERED BY THE STATE OF ILLINOIS)

"The FRAT" DEPARTMENT

Edited by FRANCIS P. GIBSON, Room 3, 79 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
[To whom all communications should be addressed.]



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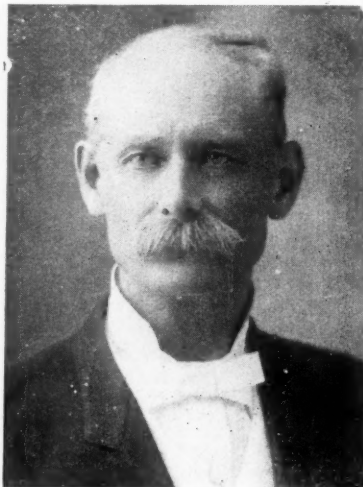
Happy New Year, brethren.

Michigan City Division No. 19, Greetings!

Go after your 1908 members now; begin the new year right.

Did you do your duty by the Society in 1907? How many members did you bring in? Try and beat that record in 1908.

Members should be sure their dues for the current month are paid each month before the treasurer remits to the financial secretary; failure to do this means loss of benefits.



REV. JOHN W. MICHAELS,
Member Board of Trustees, N. F. S. D.

Attention is called to the prosperity of Dayton Division, as is shown by its investing in a building and loan association. This is another of the things "hustle" is doing for us.

The SILENT WORKER goes to press earlier than usual this month so the changes in the Division Directory necessitated by the various division elections can not be made in this issue. We hope to have them all in the next.

It is now the "National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, chartered by the State of Illinois," thank you. The goal has been a long time being reached and many a set-back was ours, so it is all the more pleasing to announce its attainment.

Before a man can speak on any subject it is necessary to be acquainted with it.—Locke.

The above is respectfully referred to a good many of our friends who have proven their expertness with the hammer.

The merits of the N. F. S. D. are recognized by everyone. Claims are paid promptly, the reserve fund is steadily increasing, thus insuring the Society's stability and perpetuity, and with reasonable support from every member it can be made still better.

As promised, the Michigan City members have organized their division and we are sure all the others will extend to the youngster a rousing welcome. Mr. Geary seems to be keeping up his good record as an "organizer" as it will be noted he is among the charter members.

Come to think of it, the society owes a debt of gratitude to certain of its "knocking friends." Without their criticisms, unjust and undeserved as they were in most cases, we would, perhaps, not have had the amount of free advertising we have had—advertising that has paid, too.

We urge upon our members once more the importance of their sending their new addresses to the editor of this department whenever they make a change. Complaints of failure to receive the paper are in almost every case due to their own neglect of this necessary rule. Uncle Sam, THE WORKER and ye editor all do their best to have each frat get the value of his money. That's all.

A word as to the change in the status of the society will be timely right here, if there is much of a change except as to its legal standing. When the Fraternal Society of the Deaf was organized in 1901 it was incorporated in Illinois under the general corporation laws. As it grew in membership, and new administrations took hold, with increasing benefits and widening scope, it was found that to be strictly within the law, it must secure a license from the State Insurance Department. To comply with this law 500 bona fide members must be on its roll, and reincorporation was also necessary. The up-hill work and the struggle it proved to be is known to our members, especially to those who stood the brunt of it all, and that they will appreciate the consummation of their hopes goes without saying. In all other respects the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, but the successor of the original organization, its objects remaining, as before, for and by the deaf, its members.

Official Notices.

On December 2, 1907, the State Insurance Department of Illinois issued to the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf a certificate of incorporation, and a license to transact business as a fraternal beneficiary association under its supervision. This certificate, or charter, is the completion of the organization which the Society has been striving for during the past two years while it was operating under the general corporation laws, and will, we trust, settle for good the question as to our legal status, which many have been worrying about. The officers of the society wish to thank all the members who have helped it to attain this result, their faith in those at the helm having been of great aid in the accomplishment of the desired end. Provision is being made for the taking of such steps as may be necessary elsewhere, to put the society on the same impregnable foundation—in short the organization will be made what it should be made wherever its divisions are located.

In the new order of things new arrangements regarding the certificates of membership, constitution and by-laws, and other stationery and printed matter issued by the society will have to be made and the officers at headquarters will take up this work at once, sending out to each member his

new certificate as fast as issued. Changes will necessarily be made in the certificate numbers owing to the dropping from the rolls of all former members of the F. S. D., but the new certificates will be numbered in the order the present members joined the original organization, so that they will be enabled to keep within, or below, their former number. The old certificates (F. S. D.) will not be called in, our members may keep them as "souvenirs" of their original admission. No change will be made in the minor details of the conducting of the society's business, it going on in the usual manner, the constitution and by-laws, as amended at Cincinnati, remaining in force, and will be reprinted at once. Until new due books, or cards, are printed division treasurers will use the old style cards wherever a member's book-card is filled up.

Messrs. Charles E. Merchant, George W. Hayes, Benjamin Berg, George Sattler, Albert Mercer, Monroe Allman and John H. Geary residents of Michigan City, Ind., have applied for and been granted a charter for a subordinate division, same to date from December 3, 1907. All the above members are attached to Evansville Division, except Mr. Geary, who is of Chicago Division, and as soon as they get their transfers the new division will be ready for business, and there are some other members in the state near to Michigan City who will probably also be transferred.

Divisions passing on benefit claims must observe the new rule as to "non-resident claims" bearing notary public's attest; the treasurer of the division should in all cases be consulted as to the standing of the member making claim (Note article XI of the By-Laws) before they are approved by the division.

Division Notes and Personals.

Mathew A. Schuettler was married to Miss Ethel M. Mebane November 20. The bride is from South Carolina, but they will make their home in Chicago.

Edward P. Olson, of Wakonda, S. D., is editing and publishing the *Wakonda Monitor*.

Secretary Spears, of Chicago Division, had to have a substitute at the last meeting of the division, he having lost the end of his right index finger in an accident at his machine shop.

Charles Morris, of Terre Haute, Ind., was in Chicago the first week of December, renewing acquaintances. He says Terre Haute and Brazil are in line for divisions.

Chicago Division's ball November 30 was a successful affair in all respects. Its next social event will be its "installation" on December 28, then comes its masquerade ball on February 1st, with a social or lecture between some time in January.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Neuner, of Columbus, recently entertained their friends at an old-fashioned husking-bee.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice, of Columbus, are now at home at 527 S. 18th street, that city.

Bert Leavitt, of Caney, Kas., was recently the guest of Olathe friends and they gave a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fooshee in his honor.

William Slonkowski, of Piqua, Ohio, is another member on the accident list. He lost part of one of his fingers in a wood-working machine.

W. L. Raymond, of Troy, Ohio, is now employed at Lima.

Cincinnati Division No. 10. N. F. S. D. is holding monthly socials, entertainments and dances. Everybody is invited to come down and enjoy the far-famed hospitality of this thriving division. They are great expounders of and workers for the motto "Watch Us Grow."—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Jacob Greenburg, of Evansville, Ind., was married to Miss Jessie Jones, of Howell, Ind., November 27.

William Heagie, of Chicago, is visiting his old home at New Albany, Ind.

Dayton Division has nominated Messrs. Augustus, Bates and Pershing for the respective offices of

president, secretary and treasurer. The other nominations are not yet announced.

On November 16 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitacre, of Cygnet, Ohio, were receiving the congratulations of their friends over the advent of a baby girl. On the 22nd all this was changed to sadness for then the mother was taken away, the little one's coming being the indirect cause. A family of seven children are left, so we can well imagine the loss Mr. Whitacre has sustained.

Charles Huff, Dayton's new member, used to live in Bellaire. He says he was never asked to join the defunct division in that city and had a poor opinion of the society until he moved to Dayton.

Dayton's local fund having grown to quite comfortable proportions in bank, the division decided to take out \$100 and invest it in a leading building and loan association where it would earn better interest; the same procedure will be followed whenever the funds in bank warrant it.

Dayton Division has appointed a special committee, consisting of Messrs. Wortman, Augustus, Bates, Norrish, Stremmel, Cory, Lewis, Pershing and Mundry to arrange for its anniversary celebration in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lewis are cosily domiciled in a newly built house at 24 Gerlaugh avenue, Dayton.



SIDNEY W. KING.

Member Board of Trustees, N. F. S. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Caro, of Chicago, are entertaining a bouncing boy, left in their care by Bro. Stork on the 25th ult.

The Dayton *Daily News* of November 18th says:—"Arriving at noon Sunday was a bouncing 12-pound boy for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mundry (nee Clara Runck), of 21 McGee street, and he is certainly being made welcome."

Divisions wishing to figure on the purchase of robes or regalia for their use at meetings, initiations, etc., should correspond with Peter N. Hellers, 1150 W. Fort street, Detroit, Mich., Mr. Hellers being engaged in that line of business.

The Evansville frats were recently entertained at the Brizius home at a reception in honor of Miss Pansy Arnot, who is the latest of that well-known family to graduate from Indiana's school.

Messrs. Stephens and Montgomery are the Evansville Nimrods. The latter reports "bagsful-plenty."

Little Rock Division has elected the following officers: C. P. Coker, president; R. E. L. Cook, vice-president; Leon B. Powell, secretary; Harry B. Shibley, treasurer; Sidney W. King, director; B. T. Allison, sergeant.

Rev. J. W. Michaels, of Little Rock, is on a long trip to his missions in Texas.

Herbert Brewsbaugh, of Jenks, I. T., is visiting in Martinsville, Ill.

John Werner, of Louisville, and Miss Carrie Naris, of Marrowbone, Ky., were married at the

home of Terry Page in Glasgow, Ky., November 21.

Messrs. Simon and Abraham Himmelschein send greetings from far-off Los Angeles. They are both employed with a large gas and electric fixture firm in that city.

Milton M. Miller, Louisville's secretary, has moved with his family to Los Angeles. He makes the frats in that city now total up four, the other three being the Himmelscheins and J. O. Harris.

Emil Rosenfield, of Detroit, has started an up-to-date job printery at 95 Harrison avenue, that city.

In the last issue the account of the accident to the young sister of J. H. Mueller, of Cincinnati, was wrong. It was a younger sister, not brother who was hurt. Both of the little girls, one 9 and the other 5 years old, were badly hurt, but at this writing are out of danger.

Leonard J. Laingor, of Chicago, is spending some time in Little Rock, Ark. The division there has had its "picture taken" by him and several nice groups are the result. We hope to have one for this department soon.

Clarence Stremmel, of Dayton, was a visitor at Columbus recently. After calling on the local frats and also at the school he left for Youngstown.

Alfred Waugh, who came here from Chicago last spring, had the misfortune to cut a bad gash in his hand. He is laid up from work for a time. —Seattle, Wash., Cor. D. M. Journal.

John H. Geary has taken up his residence in Michigan City, Ind.

We are indebted to the *Michigan Mirror* for the following items:

Last Friday evening the Flint Division, N. F. S. D., gave a most enjoyable party in their new headquarters in the Oddfellows Temple. Progressive pedro was played. Mr. and Mrs. Anton Schwingschlegl won the gentlemen's and ladies' prizes. Light refreshments were served.....Mr. Heck is employed in the new Stewart factory in the northern part of the city.....Quite a number of the deaf residents of Flint are making real estate purchases in the latest addition to the city, Parkland, which is located just north of Oak Park Subdivision.....Mrs. Fred Wheeler (nee Josie Roberts), of Kalamazoo, was called to her home in Upper Peninsula a few weeks ago by the news of her mother's death.....Harley Fairchild now lives in Kalamazoo. He works in the Michigan Buggy Co.'s factory.

Financial Secretary's Report

From November 1 to 30, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Chicago Division.....	\$ 86.75
Detroit Division.....	28.60
Saginaw Division (Oct. and Nov.).....	12.60
Louisville Division.....	26.00
Little Rock Division.....	20.00
Nashua Division.....	4.40
Dayton Division.....	16.35
Bay City Division.....	6.05
Cincinnati Division.....	23.50
Evansville Division.....	15.65
Nashville Division.....	13.60
Springfield Division.....	.55
Olathe Division.....	13.05
Flint Division.....	10.50
Toledo Division.....	20.75
Milwaukee Division.....	12.25
Columbus Division.....	3.30

Total Receipts.....\$313.90

DISBURSEMENTS.

Forwarded to Treasurer Barrow.....\$313.90

Trustee's Note—Springfield's remittance looks small because all but one of its members had paid his dues in advance at previous meetings.

(For Treasurer's Report and List of Applications see following page.)

Treasurer's Report.

From November 1 to 30, 1907.

Balance, Last Statement.....\$3,208.97

RECEIPTS.

A. M. Martin, Financial Secretary..... 313.90
Sale of Button..... .50

Total Balance and Receipts.....\$3,523.37

DISBURSEMENTS.

Sick and Accident Benefits—

Geo. E. Hartman, Louisville.....	\$ 35.00
Philip Wagner, Louisville.....	20.00
A. V. Smith, Toledo.....	5.00
Joseph Fisher, Cincinnati.....	20.00
Roy O. Grimse, Chicago.....	10.00
John A. Welter, Chicago.....	50.00
James Hughes, Louisville.....	15.00
Office Rent.....	13.00
Gas (Oct. and Nov.).....	3.40
Janitor Services, (Oct. and Nov.).....	2.00
Postage, Board of Trustees.....	2.00
Postage, Financial Secretary.....	4.75
Postage, Corresponding Secretary.....	2.50
Postage, Frat Department.....	1.00
Printing, Circulars.....	9.00
Printing, Fin. Sec'y Stationery.....	10.00
Printing, Arrears Notices.....	8.50
Printing, Envelopes, Milwaukee.....	2.50
The Silent Worker.....	25.50
Rubber Stamps.....	.40
Notary Services.....	2.50
Charter Fee and Expenses.....	30.00
Electrotypes.....	6.85
Mail List Corrections.....	2.15
Salaries, F. P. Gibson (Frat).....	12.50
“ F. P. Gibson (Chairman Trustees),	3.00
“ A. M. Martin (Financial Sec'y)....	12.50
“ W. Barrow (Treasurer).....	12.50
“ R. L'H. Long (Corr. Secretary)....	12.50
“ J. J. Kleinhans (President).....	12.50

Organizer's Expenses—

S. H. Lantz.....	4.00
A. Brizius.....	2.00
P. Dolan.....	2.00
John Shea.....	2.00
T. McGinness.....	8.00
J. J. Kleinhans.....	2.00
J. T. Warren.....	2.00
P. N. Hellers.....	1.00
J. H. Geary.....	1.00
Office Supplies.....	.54
Office Stationery.....	1.08
Board of Trustees' Expenses.....	.75
Expressage on cuts.....	.35
Refund, Milwaukee By-Law Books.....	2.55
Placed In Trust (A. Yiesla Claim).....	200.00

Total Disbursements.....\$575.82

RECAPITULATION.

Total Balances and Receipts.....\$3,523.37

Total Disbursements.....\$575.82

Total Balances, November 30.....\$2,947.55

Applications For Membership.

(Up to and including December 5, 1907.)

Harry E. Tiffce, (Evansville).....	Brazil, Ind.
Robert McKinstry, (Chicago).....	DePue, Ill.
Henry N. Ray, (Evansville).....	Terre Haute, Ind.
Robert Ketterman, (Flint).....	Flint, Mich.
Walter Finley, (Evansville).....	Brazil, Ind.
George Williams, (Evansville).....	Brazil, Ind.

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

Is a combination of white deaf men of good health and morals and education to help one another in case of sickness and to relieve their families from immediate pressing wants in case of death.

The Beauty of Fraternity.

The other day a young man, a farmer named Charles Johnson, was found ill by the roadside near Atkinson, Neb. He was assisted into a carriage by a kind woman who chanced to be driving that way, and taken to town. He had no friends in the community and had no family. But, the next thing to friends and family, he did have brothers who belonged to the same fraternal order he owned membership in. And this was his salvation. These lodge brothers took him in, cared for him, gave him every attention that a sick man could want, and brought him safely back to recovery.

This is one of the things that it means to belong to a good fraternal order. No old-line insurance company would have sent its men out to provide a bed for that poor, sick boy. No old-line company would have given him the attention that is so essential in a sick-room, as that fraternal organization did. No old-line company would have taken over the responsibility of the case and nursed him back to health because of a policy in the concern.

These little kindly bits of interest which are the very essence of fraternalism are utterly lacking in the old-line companies. True, the old-line companies protect the life after it is dead, but they will never come around until the policy holder is a corpse. And, for that, they charge several rates more than it costs them.

We are all human and we all enjoy warm-blooded fellow-beings who can shake our hands when we are cheerful and brace us up when we are down in the dumps. We long for more than a stone-cold insurance company, which sits within its massive inclosure accepting our money each quarter, sending us a receipt for the same, and then paying no more attention to us until our death certificates are sent in to be questioned and sputtered over.

We want, along with our protection, a sort of moral support that will help us in our everyday lives, a sort of human interest that will make life more worth living.

Were you ever sick?

Did you ever lie on your back in bed, either at home or in a gloomy hospital, week after week, and month after month, with nothing to cheer you on except the cordial ties of friendship which you know existed between a few of your acquaintances and yourself? If you have, then you will know what it means to have friends to come to the door once a day or once a week or once in a while to ask how you are, or bring some little delicacy that may cool your fevered lips.

And you know, too, if you were ever ill for a long period, that those who call and inquire and keep life radiant with hope for you are your fellow men with whom you are most closely associated; that nine times out ten those with whom you are most closely associated are your lodge brothers.

It is not the officer of the old-line insurance company who calls to see you and asks your condition. It is not even the old-line agent, for when you are ill you are too poor a risk to bother with.

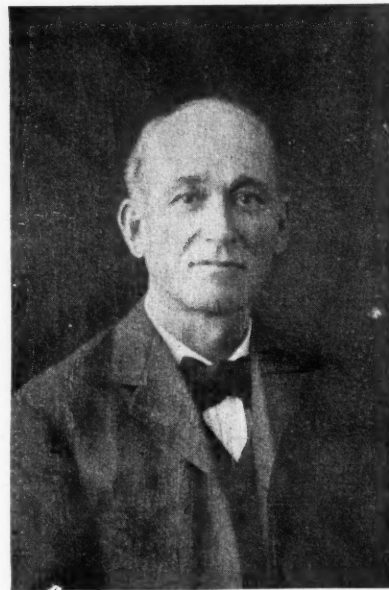
Money can't buy friendship that comes free with membership in a good, clean, strong, fraternal order. And you can't afford to be without that membership for one moment.—*Nebraska Workman.*

Safeguards.

This Society is subject to the inspection of the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois. The books are open to the inspection of members or their legal representatives on demand, and the bookkeeping and checking system has been so perfected that fraud is made practically impossible.

The Record of the Society.

For the last two years ending June 30, 1907, the Society has paid \$1,280 in sick benefits and \$400 in death benefits (two deaths).



ALBERT C. POWELL.

Of Oklahoma City, Okla., formerly of Ohio and a graduate of Gallaudet College, who enjoys the distinction of having his songs set to music.

Eastern Canada

November 29th saw the rounding out of a half year's good work by the St. John Deaf-Mutes Association and on the evening of that date the last regular meeting of the Association under the present officers was held. After the routine business was finished, President S. J. Doherty briefly reviewed the work of the association. He praised the members for the support they had given the cause and paid a tribute to the officers under him. The president said that he had been informed by gentlemen who were in a position to know that the rooms of the St. John Association were second to none in Canada and away ahead of anything they had seen. The president said that it was cause for great satisfaction to know that their efforts were appreciated. At the conclusion of the president's address the election of officers for the next six months was taken up. By agreement Mr. Geo. S. Mackenzie, of Moncton, N. B., president of the Maritime Deaf-Mute Association, who was present at the meeting was appointed Returning officer. The vote for president was first called and two names were nominated, viz: S. J. Doherty and William Baillie. To the surprise of every one, Mr. Baillie pulled out a winner, giving his rival a crushing defeat. Mr. Chester Brown was a sure thing for the treasurer's job. No one had nerve enough to run against him. The members could not allow a good man like Mr. Doherty to remain idle. So he was elected secretary by acclamation. The following is the Committee of Management:—Hugh Renick, Samuel Stanton, John McCarthy, Robert Crawford, Howard Breen and Abraham Levine; Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Avard, Miss Eleanor Logan and Miss Emma Scott. This finished the election and the successful officers gave short addresses and the eventful meeting was over. Mr. Mackenzie, as returning officer, was upright and square. He would stand no monkey business, and the funny man and his funny vote were dumped.

The St. John Deaf-Mutes' Association intends to hold an at Home and Entertainment at their rooms on New Year's Day, January 1st, 1908. Invitations have been issued to a number of deaf people throughout Maritime provinces and it is hoped that a large number will attend.

We hear from St. John that Mr. Wm. Dryden and Miss Martha E. Dickie, two well-known deaf-mutes, will "become partners," the wedding to take place in that city a week from New Year's Day.

A very Happy New Year to THE SILENT WORKER and its readers. MACK.

With Our Exchanges

CONDUCTED BY R. B. LLOYD.

The fund now being raised to establish a home for the old and infirm deaf of Illinois now exceeds \$4000.

There will be a convention of the deaf at Munich, in Germany, next August. Let us save our pennies, brush up our German, and go.

Ernest C. Burch, a product of the Jacksonville (Ill.) school, until recently an employee of the Automatic Telephone Co., in Chicago, has come to Indianapolis to live with his mother. He is the owner of a tract of oil producing land near Robinson, Ill., and makes a monthly trip there to look after his interest. He says his wells are yielding 700 barrels per day.—*Deaf American*.

The *Mt. Airy World* continues to print Mr. C. E. Dana's Glimpses of English History, which alone are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. The first article started some years ago with an account of the Norman Conquest and the history is now dealing with the reign of Elizabeth.

A man and his wife who are the parents of three deaf children, were sent to jail in North Dakota for failing to send their children to school. The oldest of the children is sixteen years old and the youngest nine. The parents say they will move out of the state rather than obey the law.

The first number of a new paper for the deaf has appeared. It is called the "*The Silent Success*," and is published at Graham, Mo., by O. M. Elliott and J. E. Morehouse. Mr. Elliott formerly edited *The Eye*, which was turned over to Russel Smith and the name changed to *The Deaf American*.

We saw a little deaf and dumb boy in England, who had no hands. He was eight years old. He is a clever little fellow. He can read, write and make signs with his arms. He has long pencils that he holds in his elbows when he writes. He writes nicely, too. He can take off and put on his clothes. He feeds himself. He plays with the other boys and has lots of good times. He seems very happy. He was born without hands.—*Canadian Mute*.

The editor of the *Kansas Star* is in a quandry as to how to eat soup with a spoon. He has read somewhere that it should be taken from the far side of the spoon and not the near side and wants to know how the thing is done. He uses a lot of nautical terms in discussing the question, which is surprising, considering how far inland he lives; but, perhaps, he ran away to sea, like Robinson Crusoe, when he was young, and learned them then.

The next convention of American instructors of the deaf will meet in the summer of 1908, at the Utah School for the Deaf and the Blind, Ogden, Utah. The school is making preparations to entertain three hundred visitors and as many more as wish to come. The date has not yet been fixed, but as soon as it is determined circulars will be issued giving full information. It would be a delightful summer outing for the eastern teachers to go to Ogden.

The letters of the double hand alphabet being formed with both hands and with a wider sweep are easier to read, especially at a distance, than those of the single hand alphabet; another reason for greater clearness is that most of the letters bear a close resemblance to the Roman capital letters. But what is gained in clearness is lost in speed. We have seen many an expert in the use of the English alphabet, including teachers and pupils in English schools, but have never yet seen one who could begin to keep up with an expert using the single hand alphabet. The single hand alphabet is so much more convenient that it seems strange that the British deaf do not adopt it, but our cousins across the water are proverbially tenacious of customs and traditions.—*Kentucky Standard*.

We frequently see press accounts of meetings of Conferences of Charities and Corrections, at which prominent parts are taken by educators of the Deaf. The problem presented in providing for the support and control of the classes named is one to engage the interest and effort of the best men of every state, but we protest against educators of the Deaf taking part in the public proceedings of such gatherings and thus fostering the impression in the public mind that our schools are asylums. A Superintendent cannot associate himself from his official position and go in his capacity of a private citizen. He is too well known in his State for that. The idea that there is any connection between our schools, and prisons and almshouses, should be discouraged in every way possible, and we believe one of the most effective ways is for educators of the Deaf to keep away altogether from gatherings of the character noted.—*Kentucky Standard*.

In the Wisconsin school, as far as our knowledge goes, girls have always been admitted to the printing office and not a few follow printing as a livelihood after leaving school. Mrs. William Wallace '94, (nee Miss Helen May) for many years was employed on *Hoard's Dairyman* and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best compositors in the office. Miss Jeannette Scroggie '06, is a typesetter in the printing department of the Tubbs Medicine Co. She likes the work and she is giving her employers splendid satisfaction. Many of our young lady typesetters have deserted the printing office within the past few years to enter upon matrimonial duties.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Richard O. Johnson began his twenty-fifth year in the service of the state at the Indiana State School for the Deaf. The board of trustees met yesterday and elected Mr. Johnson under the new law, which makes permanent the office of a superintendent which is to be vacated only by death, resignation or mal-administration on the part of incumbent.

In acknowledging the honor of the election, Mr. Johnson expressed the hope that in his years of service he had accomplished some little good for both the state and the deaf. He hoped that the future would show still greater good and that the results to be obtained in the school's new location with larger facilities would be just cause for pride on the part of all concerned. Indiana's institutions are no longer in the hands of political spoilsmen, as they were years ago, but have been placed on the merit basis and now stand pre-eminent among the institutions of the country.—*Indianapolis News*.

One of the members of the profession recently proved by irrefutable logic to Mr. J. L. Smith of the Minnesota School that he was in the wrong in his views on the use of signs. Mr. Smith comes back at his critic as follows: "Time was when we had a high opinion of logic ourselves. We had just completed Jevon's treatise on the subject and had passed an examination of ninety-something in it. We believe then that all human problems, from the best way to get rid of potato bugs to the regulation of the trusts, could be settled by irrefutable syllogisms. Since then we have learned that common sense, or even horse sense, is often superior to logic. In the olden times, hoary-headed and reverend philosophers proved beyond the possibility of cavil, by the clearest of logical reasoning that the earth was flat and that the sun galloped around it every day. Yet, in spite of all that array of logic the earth is round and does the galloping act itself.

When we claim that the sign-language is not directly responsible for the mistakes made by deaf children, we mean what we say, logic or no logic. There are some people who look upon the sign-language as the one impediment between the deaf and the mastery of English. To listen to their talk one would imagine that they believed that if the sign-language were annihilated at once and forever, by one fell swoop, all deaf children would at once be blessed with the 'gift of tongues' and thenceforth use none but the most classic English.—*Kentucky Standard*.

It is reported that a day school for the deaf has been started in Seattle, and this in the face of the fact that the Washington State School at Vancouver has been making such extensive improvements and has such bright prospects for the future. We are sorry to hear it. The deaf pupils are unquestionably great sufferers for the one reason, if no other, the day schools make no provision for trade instruction. More than nine-tenths of the deaf must necessarily fall back on their hands only as a means of livelihood. The day schools are taking this one chance away from them and are helping to give back to the state charges that are unable to do anything, but must continue as helpless and dependent as before entering the day schools. The great importance of trades instruction is recognized by those who are familiar with the circumstances and now more attention is being given this important branch of our educational system. In the day schools, as soon as the deaf child enters his usefulness he may be considered ruined unless his parents possess the means of enabling him to acquire some trade outside of school. It is clearly a case of "abandon hope all ye who enter here." To deliberately deny a deaf child the right then to learn a trade is little short of a criminal, and this being the case, it necessarily follows that the day schools are criminal institutions unless they can show a clean hand. Many of them cannot, hence they should be abolished and all deaf children compelled to attend State Schools where the facilities are the best.—*North Dakota Banner*.

The *Lone Star Weekly*, in speaking of the use of signs in combined method schools, has the following to say of them in the chapel:

"Only in chapel exercises and other religious work should there be any considerable call for signs in our combined system schools, and even there the tendency is to abate their use. Some of these schools are substituting the manual alphabet. The writer, in his chapel work, uses English more liberally at present than he did years ago."

We unhesitatingly and fully agree with brother B. in his laudable desire to minimize the use of signs in the school room proper, but not in the chapel for the following reasons:—

In the first place the pupils cannot very well read the fingers of the lecturer on the platform at a distance from him and in addition unnecessarily strains the eyes.

Secondly, the language does not fit all the manual grades—hence but few catch the meaning; nor can the oral pupils read the lips of the speaker, unless at a short range, nor will the same language fit all the oral grades.

Again as religion is a matter of the heart, the cold, mechanical and expressionless spelling of the fingers, conveys hardly any soul-inspiring light to the heart worth mentioning, while the sign-language with all the movements of the body and expressions of the countenance find a real response from the pupils to whom the language is easily understood. Hence the greatest good that comes in a spiritual way, is achieved through the sign-language that is unfortunately being indiscriminately doomed from certain quarters.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

Since last fall, the Rev. G. H. Hefflon, S. T. D., a student at the Philadelphia Divinity School, has been a regular attendant at All Soul's Church. He is a graduate of Yale and the Andover (Mass.) Seminary, and up to a year ago was in charge of the Dublin (N. H.) Congregational Church. At sixteen years of age he became partially deaf from scarlet fever, but ten years ago an attack of grippe left him so deaf that it was with difficulty he could hear at all with a tube. He took a three years' course in lip-reading at the Horace Mann School in Boston, and last year while studying at the Middletown (Conn.) Episcopal Theological School took lessons in the sign-language at the Hartford School. On the twenty-fifth of September last he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Brewster of Connecticut. He is here this year to prepare himself for work among the deaf and recently essayed to open our Bible Class at All Souls' with prayer. For his own use, he has prepared a curious dictionary of the sign-language. At present it shows how to make the sign for over five hundred different words.—*Mt. Airy World*.

For some reason, we cannot tell, we failed to tell our readers last month that our school had been awarded another gold medal. This time it was for our exhibit and demonstration at the recent fair.

In the exhibit we had our handsome oak and plate glass hexagonal cabinet with its six show cases and sixteen revolving frames, also the two large glass cases made by our boys last year. These were all filled with school work, including specimens from the various shops, the domestic science department, and the art room, the blind department and the school for the deaf. We had also three hundred square feet of wall space covered with art and manual training and photographs. During the fair week we gave three class demonstrations each day showing our method of teaching the deaf and the blind. One afternoon and evening we had our orchestra from the School for the Blind at the Fair to give the throngs an idea of the musical work of the school.

From all sides came words of commendation for the school, and we feel that the display made will help in a great measure to advertise the institution and it may be the means of bringing to the school some pupils who might never know there is such a place.—*Utah Eagle*.

A large proportion of the deaf of Europe, of mature years, approve of the Combined Method. They say that oralism was good for the few—not for the many. Many who have been educated orally find speech unreliable in their after school life. Their teachers understand them, but others do not. They are strongly opposed to pure oralism for all, or most of the deaf.

In Lipsic, the home of Heinicke and his successor Voget, lectures are given simultaneously orally and in signs.

In reply to my question, I was told that many could not understand the lips. Speech must be used to show that the oral method was approved, and signs must be used in order that the deaf might understand. Surely that remark must have made Heinicke turn in his grave.

Recently while on a visit at Dresden, Germany, the superintendent of a school for the deaf showed me a beautiful chapel. I asked in what manner the services were conducted, and was told that they were conducted both orally and in signs.

"You see," he said, "we have a sort of combined method."

Many German teachers are changing their views in regard to the oral method, and the Combined Method is growing more and more in favor. A few years ago Mr. Andre, of the Paris Institution, told me that in France they entertain pretty much the same views concerning methods as we do in America, but the use of the oral method being required by law, they have no alternative but to follow it. With such facts before us, and with the consensus of opinion of the educated deaf themselves in America and Europe in favor of the Combined Method, there can be no doubt but that it is still by far the best method for the deaf.—*Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, at the Norfolk Convention*.

Miss Delight Rice, who has made such an enviable reputation in instructing the deaf, dumb and blind boy, John Riley Porter, and who afterwards was employed by the government to instruct the deaf and dumb in the Philippine Islands, is adding more laurels to her reputation in the Philippines.

She left Columbus several months ago for the Islands, and for the first three months after landing she had no pupils. The government about came to the conclusion that there were no deaf and dumb on the islands. However, she finally obtained one pupil and she made such progress with this one, that she now has 22, the oldest being 14 years of age.

She states in her letters to her parents that all the pupils learn rapidly and believes that there is a great future in store for her on the islands. The Chinese government has made her several flattering offers to teach in the empire but she has declined all of them owing to the fact that she has contracted with the United States government, and the further fact that she believes there are more opportunities for advancement in working for Uncle Sam.

Miss Rice believes there are fully 2000 deaf and dumb on the Islands, and that she has no doubt but that the deaf and dumb school there will be much larger than the one in Columbus. She says that Secretary Taft's visit has awakened much interest in the work, and that the people are making every effort to send their children. The great drawback is that the government only furnishes the schooling. The friends of the unfortunate must pay their board, and as in most cases they are poor, it is an impossibility for them to send their children. This will be remedied during the summer, as the federal government has determined to build dormitories and take charge of all the pupils that may come.

Miss Rice has her hands full taking care of 22 pupils herself but believes that within a year, she will reap the reward of hard work by being made superintendent of the school when it reaches the magnitude expected. She says that they will soon need ten teachers.

Miss Rice will have a three months vacation, commencing with March, and she expects to spend it in China.—*Columbus Evening Dispatch*.

South Dakota.

On Wednesday, September 18th, the South Dakota Deaf School was opened for the school year. The attendance on the opening day was very satisfactory and by the following Monday about 80 per cent of the average attendance of last year was on hand. Every one of the old pupils seemed happy to be back and the new ones quickly became accustomed to their new home and friends and are now as happy as any of the children in the institution. All of the teachers were on hand a few days before the opening of school, in order to familiarize themselves with their work. A number of changes have taken place in the faculty. Of the old teachers Mrs. M. L. Simpson and Mr. L. M. Hunt remain. Miss Frances McKinley, who is well-known in the profession, came to the school from the Kansas School and Miss Mae McKinley, her sister, who has been a teacher in the Oklahoma School, is teaching there. This gives a faculty of four experienced teachers, and two almost new to the profession. The new ones are Miss Mary Smirha and Miss Rache Dawes. Miss Smirha has attended the National College three years and has been a substitute teacher in the Nebraska School. She comes to the school well recommended and they look for good work from her. Miss Dawes is a daughter of Prof. H. E. Dawes, who was for a number of years at the head of the Nebraska School. She is a scholarly young lady of strong character and has entered upon her work with a zeal that is bound to bring success.

Miss Frances McKinley, on account of her many years' experience in different schools and in organizing classes, has been made Principal and under her direction the school is being organized along lines that have proven successful in all the progressive schools for the deaf in this country. A course of study is to be adopted which, when completed, will entitle the pupils to a diploma.

Ex-Superintendent, Miss Dora Donald, now Mrs. Humbert, is again superintendent of the Blind Institution at Gary, S. D. The new superintendent of the South Dakota School is J. D. McLaughlin, who has been county auditor of Codington County for eight years.

Miss Frances McKinley and Mr. Hunt are teaching the advanced grades.

Miss Ida Donald, formerly instructor of the advanced grades at the South Dakota School, is now at the Colorado School, holding a good position.

Miss Clara B. Peck, of Plankinton, S. D., and first vice-president of the South Dakota Deaf Association, is holding a good position in a printing office at Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Agnes Ronayne, of Aberdeen, who was educated at the South Dakota School, is now a pupil in the Minnesota School. Agnes was well liked at the school and we are sorry that she did not return.

Miss Rosalia Jetta, of Sioux Falls, has gone to Gary, and accepted a position with the Blind Institution.

H. H. Garrison is doing the finishing work in the newly-built school building at Tynndall, S. D.

A young deaf lady, Miss M. Stillahen, of Nebraska, is the new girls' supervisor at the South Dakota school.

Miss Harriett Simpson has been appointed a teacher in the Nebraska School. She is a daughter of Mrs. M. L. Simpson. We all wish her good luck in the profession.

Mr. Wade remembered his girls with presents during vacation. He sent some fine pocket knives to several boys.

Miss Marion C. Flinch, secretary of the South Dakota Deaf Association, is again teaching at the Nebraska School this year.

Francis C. Gueffroy, editor of the *Western Star* at Midland, S. D., has severed his connection with that paper and gone to Oregon. The good wishes of the fraternity go with him.

The writer, who is a contractor and builder in Wakonda, has purchased a newspaper office which he edits and publishes. It is called the *Wakonda Monitor*. The editor is also agent for Ropp's Commercial Calculator, and *THE SILENT WORKER*.

The Calculator costs 50 cents each, but those who subscribe for the *SILENT WORKER* through me can have it for only 15 cents—that is, 65 cents for both.

EDWARD P. OLSON.

WAKONDA, S. D.

Toronto, Canada.

Mr. John B. Valles, of 117 Green Point, Brooklyn, N. Y., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson and other friends about the beginning of October. John was formerly a resident of this city in the days when most of us, were boys and girls.

Miss Lily McGuire, of Mount Forest, has returned home after a pleasant visit here with relatives and friends.

Miss Vina Smith, the well known deaf deaconess of Chicago, left on the 11th for her home in the "Windy City," after a month's most enjoyable visit with her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville. During her stay with them she made several calls on old acquaintances in Hamilton and Toronto, where she was received with open arms, for she is a great favorite, on account of her lovable disposition, sweet manners and intellectual capabilities, and we now miss her, but hope Vina will come again.

Miss Agnes Ormiston, sister of James J. Ormiston, of Raglan, was married on October 16th, to Mr. W. Thompson. We wish them every happiness and prosperity as they glide down the river of matrimony.

Miss Nellie Justus, of Bobcyeon, is not at Business College in this city as stated before, as she gave up her intentions at the eleventh hour and decided to follow her former vocation, school teaching, for another year, the trustees of her school finding it difficult to find one equal to her worth and ability.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, have been frequent visitors to our city lately and we are always pleased to see them. Their nephew, James DeLong, has returned to their home after a pleasant sojourn in Washington and other parts of Uncle Sam's domains, and is now a bank clerk in beautiful Oakville.

Miss M. E. Wallace, of Providence, R. I., has

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come to live in this city and is a valuable acquisition to our numbers. She works at the T. Eaton Co. and was in Port Hope for a lengthy visit lately.

We sympathize with Mr. E. C. Pickard in the loss of his mother who died on the 13th ult., in Mount Forest. Mr. P. went home immediately to attend the funeral.

The Maple Leaf club opened for the season on November first and we are looking forward to a most successful season, as we have already got up a most interesting program for the winter.

Miss Carrie Brethour, of Montreal, has decided to remain here for good and we heartily welcome her to our midst. HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

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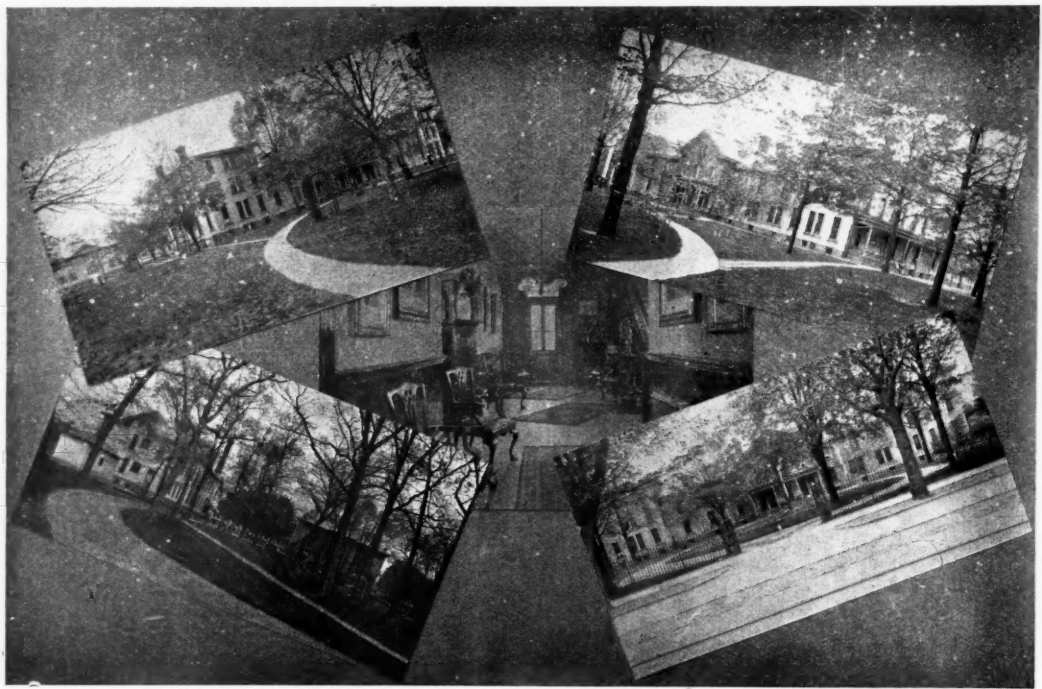
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
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